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HAMMER'S

ENEMY FROM SPACE -the full film  
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# HORROR

HALLS OF

FRANKENSTEIN

THE GORGON

3-D MOVIES

Interview with  
DARIO ARGENTO





# Maya Merchandising

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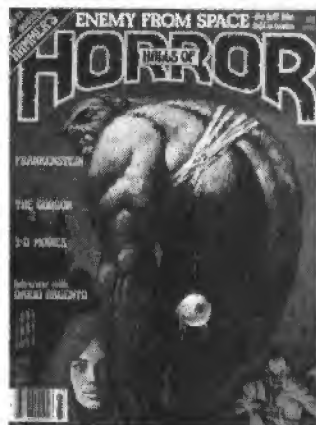
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 Art Editor: Nigel Money  
 Art Assistant: Lori Ward-Cohen  
 Editorial Asst: Sharon Nicholls  
 Photographic Research:  
 Phil Edwards  
 John Fleming  
 Denis Gifford  
 Al Reuter  
 Janine Verschooten



Writers this issue:  
 Benny Aldrich  
 John Brosnan  
 Tony Crawley  
 John Fleming  
 Denis Gifford  
 Alan Jones  
 Bob Sheridan  
 Tise Vahimagi  
 Gilbert Verschooten

Artists this issue:  
 Keenan Forbes (cover)  
 David Chester  
 David Lloyd

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HAMMER'S HALLS OF HORROR Volume 2, Number 11. August 1978 issue.

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# Editorial

Ever experimenting, wanting to improve HoH all the time, we decided on a rather unusual approach with this month's movie-strip.

You may remember in HoH5 artist Paul Neary came up with a futuristic version of Hammer's *Moon Zero 2*, updating the costumes, moonscapes and machines. This issue we adapt a much earlier Hammer sci-fi film... the earthbound Quatermass 2, *Enemy From Space*. But this time, with fingers crossed, we're presenting it as a 1950s sci-fi thriller, complete with long flowing coats, baggy trousers... the lot. Even the style, beautifully executed by our latest find—David Lloyd, is reminiscent of a '50s magazine. As always, we look forward to your opinions. As we also welcome your comments, critical or complimentary, on our somewhat different *Van Helsing's Terror Tale*.

On the features side, we've managed to pack in quite a variety of material this time round, ranging from Denis Gifford's view of a fantasy film festival, through to 3-D Movies, a double-size helping of film reviews, an interview with Dario Argento and a ten-year flashback to *Rosemary's Baby*.

Our cover should be of special interest, too, as it is by Hammer Films regular, Keenan Forbes, and is quite a unique piece of work, being the original pre-production artwork for the promotion of *Frankenstein and the Monster from Hell*. For comparison with the finished poster, you will have to wait for our *Monster from Hell* adaptation issue, but we'll try to make the wait worth while...

Next issue features the much requested movie-strip of *Brides of Dracula*, with *Dr Jekyll & Sister Hyde* and *The Devil Rides Out* to follow.

At the time of writing this editorial (late April) your responses to our Draw a Monster competition in HoH20 are flowing in thick and fast, with some exceptionally high-quality work among them. We won't have all your entries in for another two months yet, and only then will we be able to print the results.

Good luck to you all.

*Dez Skinn*

Dez Skinn (Editor)

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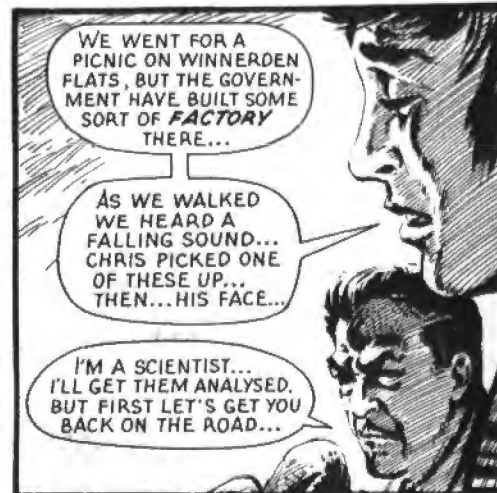
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# ENEMY FROM SPACE

## ...prologue



BUT AS THEY STRUGGLED WITH THE CAR...





# SWIFT FROM SPACE

[QUATERMASS II]

A HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION

Starring  
 BRIAN DONLEVY.....Professor Quatermass  
 JOHN LONGDEN.....Lomax  
 SIDNEY JAMES.....Jimmy Hall  
 BRYAN FORBES.....Marsh  
 WILLIAM FRANKLYN.....Brand  
 VERA DAY.....Shiela  
 JOHN VAN EYSEN.....Public Relations Man

Directed by VAL GUEST; Produced by ANTHONY HINDS; Screenplay by VAL GUEST & NIGEL KNEALE from the BBC TV series by Nigel Kneale. 85 mins. 1957. Released by United Artists.

THAT SAME NIGHT, AT AN OBSERVATORY, SCIENTISTS MARSH AND BRAND WERE TRACKING SOMETHING UNUSUAL....

WHAT ARE THEY? METEORITES?

NO... TOO LOW... AND TOO SLOW...

GONE! WHAT COULD HAVE CAUSED THAT?

EITHER THE SCANNER'S PLAYING UP AFTER BEING RE-SET... OR THEY'VE HIT THE EARTH!

IF THEY LANDED, IT MUST HAVE BEEN SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE... ABOUT NINETY MILES NORTH OF US...

HILLS, MOORLAND, MARSHES... LET'S TRY A LOWER SCAN...

BUT, NEXT MOMENT...

WHO SET THE SCANNER SO LOW? THIS IS A MOON PROJECT! THERE'S NO TIME FOR YOUR OWN EXPERIMENTS!

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd





THEY DROVE ON, UNAWARE OF BEING CLOSELY WATCHED...





REACHING THE CREST OF A HILL, THEY SUDDENLY SAW...

THE MOON PROJECT!

IT'S UNBELIEVABLE!

BUT THOSE DOMES...

HEY, LOOK...ON THE GROUND, ALL AROUND US...THE METEORITES!

LOOK AT THIS ONE... IT ISN'T EVEN CRACKED... BUT IT'S... VIBRATING!

SUDDENLY...

BOOF!

MARSH...YOUR FACE! THERE WAS SOMETHING CRAWLING ON YOUR FACE! ARE YOU ALRIGHT?

MARSH!

HE NEEDS MEDICAL HELP!

GO...NOW...

HELP ME GET HIM INTO THE CAR... HE'S SICK...

HEY! WHAT THE...WHO ARE YOU?







SEEING NO ALTERNATIVE, QUATERMASS HEADED BACK TO THE OBSERVATORY...

MORE OF THOSE METEORITES HAVE LANDED, SIR!

I KNOW...I'VE SEEN THEM! AND THE MOON PROJECT...AT WINNERDEN FLATS!



THE MOON PROJECT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE...AND WHERE'S MARSH?



WEARILY, QUATERMASS RELATED THE GRIM STORY...

WHATEVER'S GOING ON, IT'S BIG...AND NASTY! I'LL GO TO WHITEHALL TOMORROW AND TRY TO FIND OUT...FOR MARSH'S SAKE!



AND SO, THE FOLLOWING DAY...IN THE OFFICE OF INSPECTOR LOMAX, SCOTLAND YARD

WHAT DO YOU KNOW OF WINNERDEN FLATS, INSPECTOR?

COME NOW, QUATERMASS... THAT'S A TOUCHY SUBJECT. TOP SECRET, Y'KNOW...



TOP SECRET? A COVER UP YOU MEAN! ONE OF MY MEN WAS BURNED BY EXPLOSIVE GAS THERE YESTERDAY...THEN ARRESTED BY ARMED GUARDS! WHAT'S GOING ON?

WELL...IT SHOULD BE HARMLESS ENOUGH...



WHAT SHOULD?

A SYNTHETIC FOOD PLANT! LOOK, QUATERMASS...I'LL PUT YOU ONTO VINCENT BROADHEAD, HE'S AN M.P. WHO WANTS A PUBLIC ENQUIRY INTO WINNERDEN FLATS...HE MIGHT HELP!



I'LL TELL YOU ALL I KNOW, PROFESSOR...SCIENTISTS HAVE BEEN WORKING AT WINNERDEN FOR YEARS... NOTHING BIG AT FIRST...

QUATERMASS MADE AN IMMEDIATE APPOINTMENT WITH BROADHEAD...

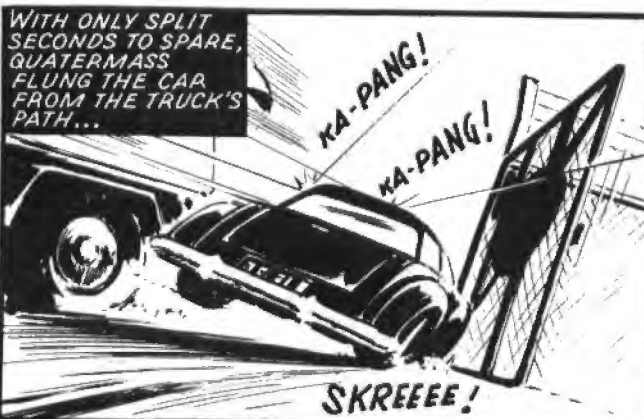








BROADHEAD!



AND THROUGH THE GATES!



# POST MORTEM

Columbia-Warner House, 135-141 Wardour Street, London W1V 4QA, England.

Thanks for the world's greatest horror Magazine. Your mag has exceeded many people's hopes, and nothing that I've read has equalled it.

Your editorial in **HoH 18** literally stunned me, in more ways than one. Adams/Giordano art in a British mag highlights the fact that **HoH** has progressed to a mag of recognition. Whatever you do though, please don't ignore the British talents, as the mag acts as a good showcase for artists we see too little of—especially Bolton and Lewis.

Changing the title... well, I wish you luck on that score. I see nothing to complain about, in fact, it could make the mag one of the best of its type of all time.

With the magazine now on sale in America, Britain and Australia, this proves the fact that **HoH** is an amazing success.

Peter Normanton,  
Rochdale.

## HoH

I could not agree more with N. Clarke's letter in **HoH 18**. Denis Gifford's *The Golden Age of Horror* was your best regular column. I also agree that there should be more about the old Universal films, as Universal was the first real horror film company.

I think your magazine would benefit if you had a lot more articles and photos of the older films—instead of films like *Blue Sunshine*, *Martin*, and *Deep Red*, etc.

The film adaptations are very good, especially *Dracula* by Paul Neary, in **HoH 1**, and *Dracula — Prince of Darkness* by John Bolton, in **HoH 6**. *Van Helsing's Terror Tales* are very good but should be kept short.

I didn't think much of the *Frankenstein*, *Dracula & Werewolf* comic strip in **HoH 18**, as it makes the mag more like a Marvel Comic, rather than a film magazine.

Nicky Kool,  
N. Humberstone.

## HoH

Congratulations on **HoH 19**. I thought the adaptation of *The Reptile* was brilliant although Brian Lewis's artwork, good as it was, didn't totally capture the atmosphere of the film. His Harry Spalding (Ray Barrett) looked somewhat old and tired. Also it was incomplete, whatever happened to the horrific introduction?

Your film reviews were as good as always, and the Peter Cushing filmography was extremely interesting.

On the negative side, I thought this issue's *Van Helsing's Terror Tale* was a bit boring.

Colin Cunningham,  
London.

Our "incomplete" adaptation was, like many previous strips, taken from the first shooting script, rather than the final version. You'll find that, from time to time, our adaptations do vary from the finished film, but as stated before, we prefer to give you them in this fashion rather than the often more limited final version. Face it, if you've already seen the movie, it acts as a terrific plus to know what could have been done, had the budget/timing/whatever allowed for it.

## HoH

Your magazine is a pleasure to read. It gives us, the fans, what we really want, and that is entertainment. The approach of a magazine to the horror/science fiction/fantasy film is of underlying importance to its

success, and this is where **HoH's** success lies. I am delighted by the fact that you treat the genre in such a sincere way, as opposed to many others.

I am quite surprised at the in-depth quality of many of your articles. For a professional magazine, some of them are very impressive. The current film reviews are interesting, informative, and often very witty (John Fleming's review of *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre* had me in stitches). And here lies another strongpoint in **HoH**: your reviews know how to convey humour without overdoing it, and without insulting the film (unless it deserves to be insulted!).

Finally, congratulations on a great magazine. I wish you success in all your future aspirations.

Robert Preston,  
Northants.

## HoH

Your magazine can only do good for the monster world and its fans. By your efforts, you are forcing rival publications to try harder, to outdo themselves. Consequently, the monster field of publications will be vastly improved and we'll owe it all to you.

Harvey Clarke,  
Bury St Edmunds.

Your letter certainly rates as this month's "Most Unusual Comment," Harvey. Our main intention hasn't been to raise the standard of any competitive magazines on the stands, but if that means we too have to redouble our efforts, it must be a step in the right direction. Thanks for the compliment.

## HoH

I think that when you do not have any Hammer film adaptations to print, you should not have any main comic strip at all, just a *Van Helsing's Terror Tale*. You once stated that the main comic strip was to tell the story of a Hammer horror film for people who hadn't seen it originally, but in issue 16 your lead strip was *Father Shandon*, and in issue 18 Neal Adams' *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and the *Werewolf*.

These were both enjoyable, but if I wanted to read ordinary horror comic strips, I would buy one of the many horror comics available.

John-Paul Clearly,  
Livingston

John-Paul... I agree. **HoH** won't be running "ordinary horror comic strips"... not even EXTRA-ordinary ones. *Father Shandon* is tied to Hammer already, and our intention is, through him, to bring together lots of loose ends within the Hammer Horror World (as we did in issue 21 with *Twins of Evil*). *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and the *Werewolf* was a pure experiment. A one-off "homage to Universal". We're now back to straight Hammer horror, with the upcoming *Brides of Dracula* (next month), *Dr Jekyll and Sister Hyde* (**HoH25**), and then such films as *The Devil Rides Out* (*The Devil's Bride*), *Revenge of Frankenstein*, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave*, plus a few surprises. To whet your appetites... Did you ever wonder what happened to *Leyland Van Helsing's* young lady, *Mai Kwei* and what happened to *Dracula's* ashes after he was destroyed in China? (See *Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires*, **HoH4**). Or where *Klove*, *Dracula's* butler suddenly appeared from? (See *Dracula*, *Prince of Darkness*, **HoH6**). All this and more will be explained in the months to come.

... Dez

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**House of Hammer** Numbers 3, 4, 5 & 6 needed to complete set. Roy Bennett, 58, Garthdale Road, Mossley Hill, Liverpool, Merseyside.

**Monster Mag** Numbers 3-6 wanted. Graham Curd, 1, Colvin Close, Lexden, Colchester, Essex.

We will always buy magazines on horror and fantasy. Books welcome too. Good condition only. Filmhand, Zentnerstr. 13, D-8 München 40, West Germany.

**House of Hammer** Number 5 urgently needed. Write to P. Cunningham, 15, Breeze Hill, Walton, Liverpool, L9 1DY.

# MEDIA MACABRE

## FILM SCENE news

### De Palma delights

Good to see Brian De Palma pursuing his friends George Lucas and Steven Spielberg to the top of the box-office charts with his new movie. While *The Fury* is, perhaps, a less satisfying experience than *Carrie*—at time it seems to be something of a telekinetic sequel—it's drawing major money on its American release, rapidly toppling such box office giants as *Close Encounters*, *Saturday Night Fever* and *The Goodbye Girl*... with *Coma* running a poor fifth.

Not that the Stateside Catholics like it. The U.S. Catholic Conference's Films and Broadcasting Review heavily slapped De Palma for the film's 'violence, its unremitting depiction of bloodshed and its affront to human dignity... an ageing couple trapped in a crime-ridden environment and obliged to care for a disabled mother as comic relief'.

For *The Fury* John Ferris scripted his own novel, with enough gaps in believability to make you want to read his book (good gimmick, that) and the music is by John Williams

### Pals Inc.

Steven Spielberg on Brian De Palma: 'I'm interested now in doing some films which are unique and experimental—and very personal. While I'm doing that, Brian De Palma will go out and make a big, trashy epic that we'll all love—then, he'll resent his own success and he'll go out and make a small movie. Then, I'll go back and make a trashy epic. Hopefully, we'll be able to leapfrog and make some good movies inbetween'.

In Brian's case, we're sure *The Fury* is not one of them—it's not trashy, but it's not his best

either. We hold out for greater expectations for De Palma's *Demolished Man*, which should put him at last, where he should be. Level-pegging with Lucas and Spielberg and not trailing behind them.

### Satanism strikes

Way, but way behind De Palma in Hollywood, is director Gus Trikonis (ex-husband of Goldie

loosed. Once out, most of Crenna's guests are wasted by electric shock, fire-shock or just plain shock.

Almost guesting amid the screams, TV's wittiest villain, Victor Buono, alias Mr. Schubert from *The Man From Atlantis*. Only this time out, he actually *is* the Devil. Sounds ridiculous, I know, but it works. If cuddly George Burns can play god, why not over-cuddly Buono be Satan?

Marcello Mastroianni has the title role, Vittorio Gassman is Dante. Also included in the melange, Jessica Lange—her first movie since *King Kong*.

### Romero/Argento

According to Titanus Films of Rome, the George Romero-Dario Argento get-together, *Dawn of the Dead*, will now be called *The Zombies Are Coming*.

### Butchery

One to miss—Andy Milligan's movie, *Legacy of Blood*. This one boasts an all-starless cast and 82 minutes of relentless, unabated blood-letting of the worst order. Milligan has to accept all the blame—and none of the credit. He wrote, photographed, produced and directed the film.

There is, of course, the thought that Milligan felt he was merely going one better than, say, *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Let's put him straight—he wasn't, didn't, and I doubt if he could. His premise is ye old reading-the-will time, with all the family being butchered and disembowelled in turn.

But as yet, I've not heard one angry word about the abysmal film from the U.S. Catholic Conference people. Although the censorious only make headlines when they hit a winner!

### Italian style

There are times when it would seem that Italy alone is continuing to make horror vehicles. Latest winner in American cinemas is Alberto De Martino's *The Tempter*—very much a case of *The Exorcist* meets *The Omen* with music by Ennio Morricone.

### Choice cuts

The grisly French thriller, *Choice Cuts*, which has become rather a hobbyhorse of mine lately—it's rather like a first draft of *Coma*—has raised its ugly head again. French director Jacques Deray tells me the film rights of the Boileau-Narcejac book were last held by Italian

PETER LOCKE PRESENTS A FILM BY WES CRAVEN (writer & director of THE LAST HOUSE ON THE LEFT)

## THE HILLS HAVE EYES



Hawn). He's improving though. His new release, *The Evil*—previously listed here and shot as *Cry Demon*—is a neat 89-minute piece of terror, not too far removed from the style and power of Matheson's *Legend of Hell House*.

Psychologist Richard Crenna and his wife, Joanna Pettet, are the couple leasing the house in question, under which floorboards is a satanic spirit waiting to be

As one American critic was moved to report, he sets a new standard for a rarely-depicted character.

Rarely depicted this way, that's for sure. Or until...

### Fantasy satire

Ben Kenobi himself, Sir Alec Guinness, could be the next actor to play God—with Robert Powell reprising his TV Jesus—in a new Italian fantasy, *Pope Satan*.



# MEDIA MACABRE

producer, Alberto (1900) Grim-aldi.

Indeed, Deray goes further and says it's one film that he'd really wanted to make, but missed out on. I'm not surprised, the story is a cracker—a guillotined French gangster being pieced back together again by his gang. 'I was really very keen on it,' says Deray in Paris. 'I still think about the script . . . and I'm still available to do it if anyone happens to let me.'

Personally, I'd prefer to see George Romero or John Carpenter tackle it. But at least the property doesn't seem to have died completely since Hollywood dropped it years ago. Watch this space.

## Corman Mayhem

There's life in the old dog yet. Roger Corman may have switched image of late (by releasing Ingmar Bergman films and even Liz Taylor's assassination of *A Little Night Music*) but you'll be pleased to know that his heart is still in the right place. However, Chicago didn't much go on his latest typically old-Corman-style double-bill: *Eaten Alive* and *Devil Times Five*. The town refused to have the films seen by under-18-year-olds.

The *Devil* movie, first released four years ago, has five kids fleeing a mental hospital and creating considerable havoc—murdering folk by feeding them to piranha fish. *Eaten Alive*, which sounds more like a subtitle for the other film, starred Mel Ferrer and Carolyn Jones in a plot of an inn-keeper, murdering his folk by feeding them to his pet crocodile. *Death Trap* revisited?

## The Unexpected

Britain's Anglia Television is entering the currently thin TV world of 'strange stories with a twist in their tail'.

Twenty-six of them, all based on the wonderful short stories of Roald Dahl in a series called *Tales of the Unexpected*. Patricia Neal, Mrs. Dahl, will introduce the shockers, being filmed all around the world.

First in the can are *Man From*

*The South*, starring TV's Capt. Nemo, Jose Ferrer—and *Dip in the Pool* with stalwart English actor Jack Watson. Locations for those two include Jamaica and the Greek islands.

## President of Make-Up

New president of the 23-year-old Society of Make-Up Artists in Hollywood is John Chambers—an Oscar-winner for his clever

18th Century Portugal and America, but Lenthéric calls it a very contemporary study. 'The hero, Kotor, becomes a vampire to give himself time to look for the secret of eternal life.' Which sounds something of a misnomer, considering vampires seem to have that secret; hence their label of the un-dead. Lenthéric goes on, 'It's a film about magic, vampires, murder'.

So is his next one . . . in a way.



To be released soon, *The Dark*, a Film Ventures movie. Directed by John Bud Cardos, starring William Devane, Cathy Lee Crosby, Richard Jaeckel and Keenan Wynn.

monkeying around with Roddy McDowall and others in *Planet of the Apes* . . . plus *The Island of Dr. Moreau*.

## Heroic vampires

'The vampires will be good for a change.' That's the message of Paris producer Bernard Lenthéric, winner of the film-rights of the Pierre Kast novel, *Vampires from Alfama*. The book is set in

*Young Man With a Long Knife* will be the latest updating of Britain's greatest unnamed killer—Jack The Ripper.

## Bogota monster

The indefatigable John Carradine has been busy down Bogota way making a million-dollar *Monster* movie with Kennan Wynn and Diane McBain. The monster (which can't look that

good on such a tiny budget) is a Loch Ness affair, which popped up out of a lake in Colombia and ate nine people in 1971. The film was first reported as going into production way back in *HoH* number one!

## Czech mate

Czechoslovakia is the finally selected location for Werner Herzog's new version of the golden vampiric oldie, *Nosferatu*. His stars remain the same as first announced almost a year ago: Klaus Kinski and Isabelle Adjani. But since Herzog's continual rise in the forefront of the new German wave of directors, 20th Century-Fox have decided to back and release the film.

## Seven titles to Atlantis?

Following up on *HoH* 21 & 22, the making of a fantasy film, from A to Z. The film was originally titled *Atlantis* (see *HoH* 14, *Media Macabre*). As George Pal had given us *Atlantis, The Lost Continent*, via MGM in 1961 a title change seemed in order. So, the movie became *7 Cities to Atlantis*. Then the TV series *Man From Atlantis* flopped on the ratings and US distributor of *7 Cities*, Columbia, got in touch with EMI in Britain to say that no way did they want the film to seem connected with a recent flop TV series. So EMI (Britain) came up with a new title, *Warlords of the Deep*. Great, plenty of zap . . . and, to avoid further chaos, we'll temporarily forget AIP's 1965 *War-Gods of the Deep* (which, after all, was the American title for the Vincent Price starring *City under the Sea*).

But . . . Columbia suddenly made a last minute decision. They remembered they'd just released a blockbuster entitled . . . *The Deep* (with a more than slightly similar title style). What EMI (Britain) thought was a good tie-in, Columbia/Peter Benchley (US) didn't like.

They've decided to accept the worst of two evils. No, not *7 Cities to the Deep*, but now *Warlords of Atlantis*.

# THE SHOUT

Review by John Brosnan

Most films can be placed into categories—westerns, thrillers, melodramas and so on—and *The Shout* can only belong in the "Mysterious Stranger" category. There have been many films, books and plays about a mystery figure (usually a man) who appears from nowhere and disrupts either a small community or just a single family. Ambiguity is usually the key note in such stories—is the stranger a threat or a blessing? Good or evil? A madman or a creature of the supernatural? These questions are rarely resolved but by the time he leaves, disappears or whatever, he has invariably caused profound changes in the lives of the people he has visited.

In *The Shout* the mysterious stranger is Alan Bates, who has had similar roles before (. . . in the plays of Harold Pinter and in *Whistle Down the Wind* where he was a convict-on-the-run mistaken for Jesus Christ by some children), but never with such demonic energy. Bates is Charles Crossley, a dark, brooding man who invites himself to lunch at the home of Anthony (John Hurt) and Rachel (Susannah York) one Sunday afternoon and then refuses to leave. He convinces Anthony that he has the power to kill merely with a shout, something he learned while living with the Aborigines for eighteen years.

Once upon a time people in movies used to go to Tibet to learn mystic secrets but now the Australian Outback has become the "in" place for supernatural activity, thanks to films like *Picnic at Hanging Rock* and *The Last Wave*.

After Charles gives Anthony a demonstration of his power on a remote Devon beach, where he produces a sound not unlike that of a jumbo jet that has sheep dropping dead and birds falling out of the sky, Anthony is understandably terrified of him and later stands helplessly by as Charles openly seduces Rachel. But eventually the worm turns and Anthony uses Charles's own magic against him—Charles believes that his soul is hidden in a certain rock and when Anthony locates the rock and breaks it Charles collapses in agony, a moment that coincides with the arrival of the police to arrest him for the murder of his children.

What lifts *The Shout* out of the ordinary "Mysterious Stranger" category is the *Dr Caligari*-like framing device that the film utilises—the story is told in flashback during a bizarre cricket match held between the inmates of an insane asylum and local villagers. Charles, who is obviously an inmate, recounts the story himself to outsider Robert (Tim



*Spectators and players run in terror from the hideous scream. Inset: Alan Bates giving a demonstration of *The Shout*, a killing scream he learnt from Australian Aborigines.*

Curry of *Rocky Horror Show* fame) while they keep score for the match. As we see Anthony playing in the team, and later see Rachel in a nurse's uniform, one is led to wonder whether the whole story is just a fantasy that George has created based on people he has seen around. Or if part of the story was true, then which part? Or was it part of Anthony's fantasy? Or Rachel's? The film-makers certainly don't go out of their way to provide any definite answers, nor does the film's climax shed any light on the situation when, during a thunderstorm that disrupts both the match and the mental stability of several of the inmates, Charles gives another demonstration of his shouting power. Death results, but was it simply caused by a bolt of lighting, and was the roaring sound just a 747 passing overhead? Or does George really have the power? We'll never know . . . and we're not supposed to. The film has been deliberately made as a puzzle which can be interpreted in any number of ways.

*The Shout* is Britain's official entry at Cannes this year and is so damned clever, it seems as if it was *designed* for showing at a film festival. Director Jerzy Skolimowski (who co-wrote the script with Michael Austin) has packed the film with so many portentous visual symbols that there's hardly room for anything else—glass breaks significantly, mirrors are stared at, bones gleam in the sun, an insect is

ritualistically squashed against a pane of glass, a hearse almost knocks Rachel off her bike, a bird flutters helplessly in a kitchen and so on. *The Shout* contains even more Significant Moments per minute than Nicolas Roeg's *The Man Who Fell to Earth* (it's probably no coincidence that the cameraman Mike Molloy originally trained with Roeg on such films as *Walkabout*). As the outrageous Beef exclaimed in *Phantom of the Paradise*: "The Karma's so thick around here you need an aqua-lung to breathe!"

*The Shout* boasts an excellent cast, marvellous photography, and breathtaking locations but basically I think it's an over-inflated film . . . and by the time you read this it's probably won the Grand Prize at Cannes.

## THE SHOUT (1978)

Alan Bates (*Crossley*), Susannah York (*Rachel*), John Hurt (*Anthony*), Robert Stephens (*Chief Medical Officer*), Tim Curry (*Robert*), Julian Hough (*Vicar*), Carol Drinkwater (*Cobbler's Wife*), Nick Stringer (*Cobbler*).

Produced by **Jeremy Thomas**. Directed by **Jerzy Skolimowski**. Screenplay, from Robert Graves, story, by **Michael Austin** and **Jerzy Skolimowski**. Music by **Rupert Hine**. Photography by **Mike Molloy**. Edited by **Barrie Vince**. Make-Up by **Wally Schneiderman**. Panavision Eastman Colour. Time: 87 mins





# THE LAST WAVE

Review by Benny Aldrich



While *The Shout*'s use of aborigine tribal magic and legends acts as little more than a mysterious unseen origin for Alan Bates' power, possibly a reality—possibly a fantasy, *The Last Wave* leaves no doubt.

Impossible to categorise, *The Last Wave* is a frighteningly sincere disaster movie in many ways. Sincere in that Aborigine tribal leader, Nandjiwarra Amagul, MBE, only consented to appear in the film in order to bring to wider public notice a greater understanding and appreciation of the spiritual tradition of his people.

The plot concerns David Burton (Richard Chamberlain), a happily married Sydney lawyer, defending four aborigines in what appears to be a straightforward murder case. Yet the film actually opens with the

first of its various weird events . . . an arid desert area near Sydney is suddenly attacked by a storm of fist-sized hailstones from a cloudless sky.

As the film progresses, Burton's sane, orderly world becomes totally bizarre, as he witnesses black rain, dreams of the city being totally underwater and has recurring nightmares involving one of the four aborigines on trial, Chris Lee (David Gulpilil, star of *Storm Boy* and *Walkabout*).

Bit by bit, Burton finds himself becoming more and more involved in the aborigines' tribal magic, and discovers that the murder was a ritual killing, done by "pointing the bone" at the intended victim who had broken tribal law. But Burton soon realises

that his part in the whole affair is much greater than merely being Defence Attorney for the tribe.

Following his dreams of mass death and destruction, Burton is staggered to hear from his father, a minister of religion, that as a child he had often dreamed of the future . . . and his dreams had always come true!

Fearfully, Burton explains his dreams to the tribal leader, Charlie (Nandjiwarra Amagul), who believes him to be a reincarnation of an almost god-like leader of a previous white civilisation that was destroyed by a giant tidal wave.

Unable to accept this, Burton is taken to underground caves beneath the city where wall paintings tell of the disaster, paintings done possibly thousands of years ago. But here he also learns the staggering truth of his dreams, in a prediction made about his own present white society.

Panicing, he runs from the caves and, at the end of underground tunnels and sewers, emerges on a city beach. As he staggers out the sky darkens and he raises his eyes to see the terrifying truth come about.

A totally gripping film, far superior to its producers' (Hal and James McElroy) and director's (Peter Weir) previous *Cars That Ate Paris* and *Picnic At Hanging Rock*, *The Last Wave* creates a strong mood of baffling tension and fear at its onset and maintains it throughout its 106 minutes right up to the climax, which successfully brings together the whole mystery in one staggering revelation.

An excellent film, highly recommended, as is the paperback novelisation—despite its somewhat unimaginative cover.

## THE LAST WAVE (1978)

Richard Chamberlain (as David Burton), Olivia Hamnett (Annie Burton), David Gulpilil (Chris Lee), Nandjiwarra Amagula (Charlie), Frederick Parslow (Rev. Burton). Produced by Hal and James McElroy; Directed by Peter Weir; Screenplay by Peter Weir, Tony Morphett and Petru Popescu from an original idea by Peter Weir. Distributed (in Britain) by United Artists. No U.S. distributor at time of going to press.



Top Left: Richard Chamberlain as David Burton—a man with questions. Top Right: Gulpilil as Chris Lee—a man who may have answers. Directly above: Charlie (Nandjiwarra Amagula) shows Burton the axe with which he would have killed him, had Burton failed the tribal test of wills.

# KINGDOM OF THE SPIDERS



Review by Alan Jones

**K**ingdom of the Spiders is yet another attempt by nature to take revenge on mankind. This time it's the turn of the local tarantula population of the small Arizona town of Verde. The farmers in the area have been using a lethal pesticide that has been killing off the spiders' natural food source, so the vengeful arachnids start attacking their livestock first, the inhabitants second, and pastures new third, leaving behind the town covered in a huge silken web.

Only the glossy photography disguises the very thin, and now very hackneyed, plot. Otherwise it's '50s clichés all the way and unless you have a fear of arachnids, the only source of amusement is hearing the banal dialogue, counting how many incredible plot coincidences there are, or watching the actors (who are supposedly trying to kill off the encroaching spiders) do everything but step on them or hurt them while trying to brush them off their clothing. Obviously the spiders had a money-back guarantee or they were



intelligent enough to form a union!

The film also poses the question, *Would William Shatner have ever been heard of if it hadn't been for Star Trek?* The answer has to be *No*, not that he's any worse than the rest of the cast, who were probably chosen more for their ability to handle the eight-legged creatures than their ability to act.

However, director John "Bud" Cardos has taken over from Tobe Hooper on the new film "The Dark", so somebody somewhere must like him on the strength of this offering.

Quite honestly though, you've seen it all before in films like *The Birds*, *Frogs* and *Squirm* and there would be no reason to see

it all again except for the fact that, in Great Britain, the film goes out with a far superior film, *The Redeemer*.

#### **Kingdom of the Spiders (1977)**

William Shatner (*Rack Hanson*), Tiffany Bolling (*Diane Ashley*), Woody Strode (*Walter Colby*), Altovise Davis (*Birch*), Lieux Dressler (*Emma Washburn*), David McLean (*Sheriff Smith*), Natasha Ryan (*Linda*), Marcy Laffety (*Terry Hansen*). Screenplay by Richard Robinson and Alan Caillou, Directed by John (Bud) Cardos, Produced by Henry Fownes. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 90 mins.



# THE REDEEMER



**The Redeemer** is an extraordinarily good exploitation film, that is only similar to *Kingdom of the Spiders* in that it takes its concept from the more recent trends in the genre. Apart from that the difference is enormous, as director Constantine S. Gochis weaves ideas from *The Omen* and *Carrie* with a lot of imagination, freshness and originality.

The story should not be totally given away as it is meant to intrigue and perplex which is one of the reasons why the film works so well. If you are constantly trying to figure out what exactly is going on, you won't notice the fact that *The Redeemer's* surprises aren't really all that unique. Suffice it to say that a young boy called Christopher rises from the depths of a lake

and takes his place in the local church choir. The priest sermonises about the Seven Deadly Sins and intercut with this are scenes of three men and three women getting ready for their class reunion. After arriving separately at the school hall, they realise that no one else has been invited. Too late they discover they are locked in and the first of a series of six murders is about to occur all perpetrated by a figure, sometimes dressed as a clown, at other times dressed like the Grim Reaper, but always calling himself the Redeemer.

Who is he and what does he have to do with the opening scenes concerning the priest and Christopher? Just when you think the film has run out of steam and is about to become predictable, Gochis packs a punch and surprises everyone by the explanation. The murders are unusual, startling and frighteningly well acted by the unknown cast, one of whom has the amazing name of T. G. Finkbinder, and another, Gyr Patterson, is a dead ringer for Sissy Spacek.

Two films then from Dimension Productions, both released in Great Britain by Enterprise Pictures Limited. Dimension Productions were also responsible for last year's *Ruby* and have another film called *The Devil Cat* starring Donald Pleasence and Nancy Kwan about to be released. Out of the two directors involved in this particular double bill, however, I'll be looking forward more to the next film from Constantine S. Gochis than I will from John "Bud" Cardos.

#### **The Redeemer (1977)**

Damien Knight (as *John*), Jeannetta Arnette (*Cindy*), Nick Carter (*Terry*), Nikki Barthen (*Jane*), Michael Hollingsworth (*Roger*) Gyr Patterson (*Kirsten*), T. G. Finkbinder (*The Redeemer*), Christopher Flint (*Christopher*). Screenplay by William Vermick, Directed by Constantine Gochis, Produced by Sheldon Tromberg. Distributed by Enterprise Pictures. Time: 83 mins.

# ENEMY FROM SPACE

## Part Two

MEANWHILE, BACK AT SCOTLAND YARD, REPORTER JIMMY HALL WAS LOOKING FOR A STORY...

COME ON, SERGEANT... YOU MUST HAVE SOMETHING TO FILL A COLUMN...

SORRY, JIMMY... THE TOWN'S GONE STRAIGHT TONIGHT.

HOW ABOUT YOUR SORDID LIFE STORY?

QUATERMASS HAD DRIVEN HARD AND FAST...

I WANT TO SEE LOMAX — MY NAME'S QUATERMASS!

WHERE HAVE I HEARD THAT NAME BEFORE?

HAVE YOU THE AUTHORITY TO MOUNT A LARGE SCALE EMERGENCY ACTION?

AGAINST WHAT?

I KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON AT WINNERDEN... THE MASS DESTRUCTION OF MEN'S MINDS!

I WAS THERE WITH BROADHEAD AND AN OFFICIAL PARTY TODAY ... I BARELY GOT OUT ALIVE! THE OTHERS WERE **TRAPPED!**

MURDERED?

INFECTED... WITH THE SAME THING THAT STRUCK MARSH...

THE SAME MARK?

I DON'T KNOW... THEY MAY BE RELEASED WITH THE INFECTION... **HUNDREDS** MAY HAVE DONE SO ALREADY...

WHAT DOES BROADHEAD THINK?

VINCENT BROADHEAD IS DEAD... HIS BODY EATEN AWAY BY **CORROSIVE SLIME!**

SHOCKED BY QUATERMASS'S STORY, LOMAX DECIDED TO TAKE IT FURTHER...

I MUST SPEAK WITH YOU, COMMISSIONER ... A MATTER OF TOP NATIONAL SECURITY!





MEANWHILE, BACK IN LOMAX'S OFFICE...

WE'VE TRACED THE SOURCE OF THOSE THINGS TO AN ASTEROID ON THE DARK SIDE OF THE EARTH!



BRAND? QUATERMASS HERE... WHAT'S HAPPENING WITH YOU?

KEEP TRACKING IT 'TIL I GET THERE!

BUT THEN...

THE COMMISSIONER... HE HAS A **MARK** LIKE YOU DESCRIBED... ON HIS HAND!

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE **FAST**! WHO KNOWS WHERE ELSE THEY'VE INFILTRATED!



QUATERMASS? I'VE JUST REMEMBERED THE NAME, HE'S THE ROCKET FELLOW... HEY WHAT'S UP? SOMEONE HI-JACKED A ROCKET?



NOT NOW, JIMMY... WE'RE BUSY!



I THINK I'LL TURN TO CRIME... MUST BE EASIER THAN REPORTING...

A REPORTER?



COME ON, JIMMY... I'VE GOT THE SCOOP OF YOUR LIFE... A STORY THE **WHOLE WORLD** SHOULD KNOW!

AND SO... AT THE OBSERVATORY...

THE THINGS THAT COME FROM THAT ASTEROID ARE PARTS OF A **MULTIPLE ORGANISM**... SEPARATE INTELLIGENCES WITH A **SINGLE CONSCIOUSNESS**...



THEY CAME IN THEIR OWN ENCAPSULATED ATMOSPHERE OF AMMONIA... WHEN IT BREAKS, THEY DIE!



UNLESS IT ENTERS AN ORGANISM THAT CAN LIVE IN OUR ATMOSPHERE... LIKE A **HUMAN BEING**!

THEIR POWER MUST NOW HAVE MULTIPLIED A **MILLIONFOLD**! JIMMY, WRITE ALL THIS DOWN... THE WORLD MUST KNOW!



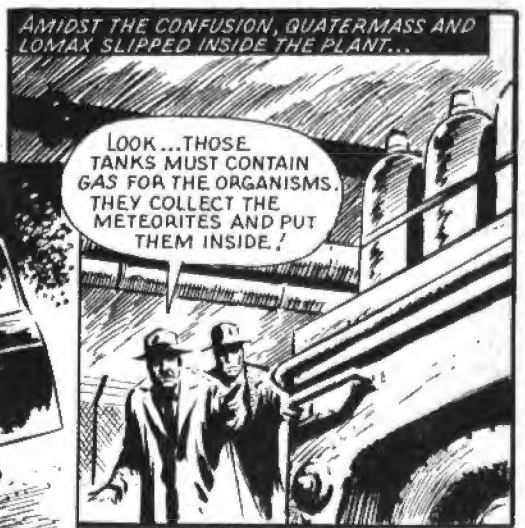
I WANT TO SEE THIS PLANT FIRST... AND THE PEOPLE WHO WORK THERE!



RIGHT, LET'S GO... BUT REMEMBER, THE DOMES AT WINNERDEN ARE FULL OF AMMONIAC CORROSIVE... FOOD FOR THE ALIEN ORGANISMS... BUT DEADLY TO US!









CRACK! BLAM!

COME ON!

AAAGH!



GET THEM!

MURDERING SWINE!



OVER HERE!  
THIS WAY! WE'VE  
GOT TO GET IN  
HERE!



THIS MUST  
BE WHERE THEY  
CONTROL THE  
ATMOSPHERE IN  
THE DOMES!  
WE MAY HAVE A  
CHANCE YET!



IF I CAN  
CUT OFF THE  
AMMONIA, AND  
FEED THEM WITH  
**PURE OXYGEN**,  
IT MAY KILL THE  
DAMN THINGS!

BUT THEIR  
PRESENCE  
HAD NOT  
GONE  
UNNOTICED...

NOT LIKELY...  
WE'VE GOT TO  
HOLD THIS PLACE  
UNTIL THE OXYGEN  
WORKS!

AT LEAST  
WE'RE ARMED  
...AND HOW!

UNAUTHORISED  
PERSONNEL IN  
PRESSURE CENTRE  
**MUST LEAVE AT  
ONCE!**



BUT WHAT  
THEN? THOSE  
METEORITES ARE  
STILL LANDING IN  
THEIR HUNDREDS!



AT THE ROCKET STATION,  
BRAND WAS CARRYING OUT  
QUATEMASS' INSTRUCTIONS...

MY LADS AT  
THE ROCKET  
STATION SHOULD  
BE SEEING TO  
THAT!

THERE'S A CHANCE  
IT MAY EXPLODE BEFORE  
IMPACT... BUT THIS ROCKET  
IS ALL WE HAVE TO  
DESTROY THE ASTEROID!

FUEL ON...  
COMPRESSION...



HEARING A NOISE  
BEHIND THEM,  
BRAND TURNED...

My GOD...  
**MARSH!**

FIVE...  
FOUR...  
THREE...

REALISING THE  
DANGER, BRAND  
THREW HIMSELF  
INTO THE LINE OF  
FIRE...

**AAAAH!**

AND WITH A  
DEAFENING  
ROAR, THE  
UNMANNED  
ROCKET  
HEAVED  
ITSELF  
FROM THE  
GROUND...

...IGNITION!

**YATATTATTA!**

LOOK AT THAT...  
SOMEONE'S FIRING  
A **FLARE!**

THAT'S NO  
FLARE! IT'S  
THE ONE THING  
THAT CAN **SAVE**  
US... AND ALL  
HUMANITY!

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING  
OUT THERE?

I DON'T LIKE IT,  
QUATERMASS...  
THE FIGHTING'S  
OVER... THERE'S  
NOT A SOUL AROUND  
... NO BODIES...  
**NOTHING!**

**SUDDENLY...**

WHAT'S  
THAT?

THE PIPE'S  
CRACKED...DON'T  
WORRY...IT'S  
ONLY OXYGEN!

THEY'RE  
TRYING TO BLOCK  
THE OXYGEN...  
FROM **INSIDE**  
THE DOME!

BLOCK  
IT? WITH  
WHAT?

THERE'S  
SOMETHING  
DRIPPING...

IT...IT'S **BLOOD!**

HUMAN PULP  
...MY GOD...THEY'VE  
**FED** YOUR FRIENDS  
TO THE THINGS IN  
THE DOME...

THAT'S IT!  
IT'S TIME WE  
**BLEW** THIS PLACE  
**APART!**

WAIT! DON'T  
RISK IT...THERE  
ARE **MORE** OF  
THEM THAN YOU!

DEAF TO QUATERMASS' WARNING, MCLEOD'S ONLY THOUGHT IS REVENGE...

WE'RE GONNA GET YOU, YOU FILTHY, MURDERING PIGS!

WHUMP!

AND TOO LATE, THEY REALISE THE FULL HORROR THEY HAVE RELEASED!

AAAAGH!

GOD...NO!

AND AT THAT MOMENT, BACK AT THE PLANT...

GET OUT!  
IT'S AFTER THE AMMONIA!

NEXT MOMENT, THE SKY ERUPTED WITH UNEARTHLY LIGHT... A HUGE, SOUNDLESS EXPLOSION...

THE ROCKET!  
IT MADE IT!

IT'S DYING...  
IT CAN'T SURVIVE  
IN THIS  
ATMOSPHERE...

LOOK  
OUT!

HELP  
...ME...

WHAT  
...WHAT  
HAPPENED?  
WHERE  
AM I?

LOOK...  
THE MARK IS  
FADING...

HOW ON EARTH  
DO I MAKE A  
FINAL REPORT  
ABOUT ALL THIS...

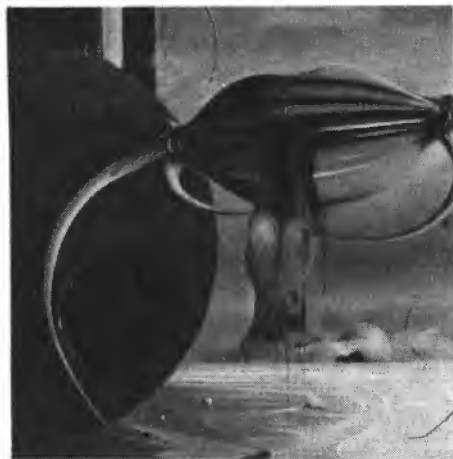
AND  
I WONDER...  
HOW FINAL IT  
REALLY IS?

The End



As mentioned in recent months, we tend to avoid features on fantasy and horror film festivals in **HoH**. Simply because there are so many of them springing up. Some time ago, Christopher Wicking, Terence Fisher, Freddie Francis and Dez Skinn were invited to Sitges, Spain for the 9th Fantasy Film Festival. The whole event (backed by the town council to promote Sitges as a tourist resort) turned out to be pretty indescribable.

For the 10th such festival, **HoH** regular Denis Gifford was chosen to single-handedly represent the British Isles. Admirably, he has managed to put to paper the whole experience, not so much as a review but a warning, in a feature he has entitled . . .



# Ten Days of TERROR

**E**VEN a man who is pure in heart and says his prayers by night, may become a Juror of the Festival Internacional de Cine Fantastico y de Terror when the wolfbane blooms and the Autumn moon is bright. If it happened to me, it could happen to you, so 'ware the airmail envelope with the Espana stamp that flutters innocently onto the doormat. Although I may have done more to deserve this doom than most, with five books on horror films under my belt, not to mention *The Golden Age of Horror* series for this very magazine (issues 2-12).

By the end of the ten-day week (Spanish Summer Time has a tendency to slip as the day drags on: lunchtime at half-past two, ten-thirty screenings starting close to midnight) I would know better, and know them better, these men with great declamatory names like Horacio Cabral-Magnasco, Joaquim Coll Espona, and Pere Serramelera I Cosp. Like Lawrence Stewart Talbot, werewolf of Llanwelly (in *The Wolf Man*, 1941), each bore his hidden Mark of the Pentagram. Each was not as everyday as he seemed.

Horacio (pronounced "Hoar-ah-theo"), the only one of us to comply with the dress regulations, was officially billed as an Escrito from *France-Presse*. He was actually an Argentinian gentleman married to the daughter of one of our own ex-Ambassadors. Joaquin (pronounced "Hwah-kween"), a sartorial rebel whose open-necked shirt hung outside his trousers at even the most formal of occasions, was not the Productor Espanol as listed, but a full-blown film director. He insisted on showing us his latest picture to prove it (that day the two-thirty lunch slipped back to three-forty five!).

Antonio Soler, a curly-haired little man in specs, was not the Exhibidor Espanol as proclaimed, but, as he pointed out with pride, an Exhibidor Catalan. Only the previous week Catalonia had been granted autonomy, and celebrated its renaissance by forcing us to eat huge piles of Pan-y-Tomat (tomatoes on toast) before every meal, and Creme Catalan (crusted custard) after.

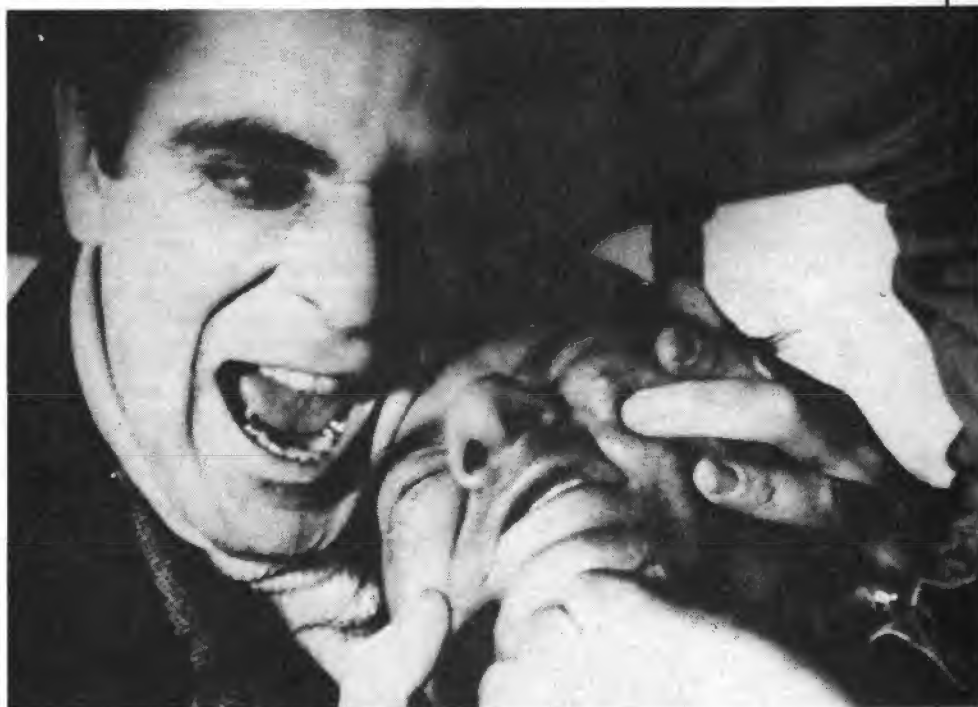
Senor Soler books films for a chain of two cinemas in Barcelona, where the all-time box-office record is held by Peter Cushing in, of all

things, *Corruption*. Perhaps it was the title that hit home to the Barcelonians? Soler was the Jury's spokesman for the average cinemagoer: his (and their) type of film is that which has made the Capitol, Barcelona, known locally as "The House of Gun".

Pere Serramolina (who sounds like an alternative sweet to Creme Catalan) had a secret, too. Although we never partook of a

the most notable and suitable of us all. He was Dario Argento, Realizador Italiano, who had won the Grand Prize last year at the Ninth Festival with his *Profundo Rosso* (Deep Red starring David Hemmings).

There were 34 features and sixteen shorts spread over the Festival, which meant, we started at nine-thirty after a quick coffee and croissant, and ended at around two in the



Top left: The poster artwork for the 10th Sitges Fantasy Film Festival. Above: A murderous scene from Cronenberg's *Rabid*.

discussion or a meal without his marshalling presence, Pere was not on the Jury at all. With a neck as bent as Lugosi's Ygor, and a curious crutch of futuristic design, it came as no surprise to discover he was the Secretary of the Festival Fantastico. Also, satisfyingly, he was the local doctor!

The Presidente of our Jurado, skinny as a Zombie with an engaging pageboy bob, was

morning. Then it was all down to the cocktail bar for another two hours of horror: tomatoes on toast and a noggin of fruit cup so red that one suspects there must be a Tomato Mountain in Catalonia. By the Tuesday, I had broken out in spots, ripe red ones of course, while poor Piotr Szulkin, a frail enough director from Poland, had taken to his bed, a mere shadow of his former skeleton. Although we



Above: Mexican monster movie, *El Espejo de la Bruja*. Below left: Alida Valli and Peter Cushing from *Tendre Dracula*. Below right: Christina Raines in a scene from *The Sentinel*.

had all avoided water (stuff so foul that it even penetrated my Aquafresh), by applying the best Basil Rathbone techniques we deduced that the ice-cubes had got us!

It was sad to see such one-time honourable B-movie stalwarts as Messrs Brand and Ferrer, Stuart Whitman and Carolyn Jones, grubbing for pennies by appearing in this class of film. It became increasingly sadder as the week wore on, as bygone heroes shambled through shoddy dross; Steve Brodie actually starred in *The Giant Spider Invasion* (reviewed in HoH 12)—even Monogram knew better than to allow him to star. Sue Lyon, Jose Ferrer and John Carradine all turned up in *Crash!*, a Charles Band Production that combined the current car-crashing syndrome (slow motion pile-ups a prerequisite) with a little fantasy about mind-control. Richard Basehart and Gloria Grahame were revived to co-star in *Mansion of the Doomed* (see HoH 13), another Charles Band item centring on another favourite blood-stained syndrome, eyeball plucking. This one, though, is pure Forties B-stuff, with a refurbished poverty-row plot: mad doctor (once it

was Lugosi, now it is Basehart) removing folks' eyes to graft them into his blind daughter. Just like Lugosi, however, Basehart keeps his victims in a cage in the cellar. Of course, one day they get out. . . .

Talking of eyeball plucking (the squeamish may skip this paragraph), *actual* eyeball plucking was but one of the many delights shown in a German documentary, *Viaje al Mundo de lo Desconocido*. It seems psychic healers can hypnotise their patients, pull out their eyes, peel off cataracts with their fingernails, and pop them back in the sockets without pain, anaesthetic, or anything. The trouble with this kind of uncensored cinema is that it is the audience that needs the anaesthetic. I am sort of proud that I was the only member of the jury left in the jurybox when the lights went up. Sort of proud: even I had to take my glasses off and watch unfocused as the healer actually kneaded a hole in a woman's body, pulled out her liver, squeezed a diseased lump out of it, and stuffed it back in again. I won't tell you that he massaged the hole until it not only closed up but *disappeared*, because you

won't believe me. Even I find it hard to believe that I actually saw a witch doctor levitate himself, upright, three feet off the ground, and float there, stiffly, for minutes. But I did. I think. Yes, I did.

The intriguing thing about this kind of film is that it sends audiences retching from the cinema, while *simulated* eyeball removal will often fetch a round of applause. The same reaction was noted back in 1932 when Tod Browning used real freaks in his unique *Freaks*, and again in 1977, at the Festival, when Michael Winner brought on his real freaks at the end of *The Sentinel* (reviewed HoH 10). This film, derivative as it is, and unsatisfyingly scripted and developed, was nevertheless one of the best to be shown in competition. (It is a comment, of course, that a film of its obvious calibre should have failed to net any prize at any previous Fantasy Festival.) We were virtually obliged to give it a prize of some sort, although none of us actually liked it. In the end we gave it to Burgess Meredith as Best Actor, coupling the award with his appearance in *Burnt Offerings* (refer HoH 11), another Festival entry. Old Burgess is quite a stalwart of horror films these days, and is deservedly busy after his years in the wilderness for his political leanings, back when he was a B-movie hero for Paramount Pictures.

What else did we see? I've mentioned the scything alive, the gouging of eyes, the mangling of *Crash!*, and deftly avoided the porn. There was cannibalism, of course, and in *The Hills Have Eyes* a wild family, evidently descendants of Sawney Bean the Maneater, ambush a trailer and abduct a baby for Sunday roast. This film, an updated reworking of almost every wagon-train western you ever saw (plus a rescue by dog straight out of *Lassie Come Home*), was just the stuff for "The House of Gun", according to Senor Soler. According to the International Press Critics, too, who gave it their own special prize.

Some of the films we saw were good, perhaps even excellent, but our judging job was harder than we had bargained for. All the best films turned out to be either *Informativa* (shown in the Information Section) or *Retrospectiva* (shown in the Retrospective Section), never *Competitiva* (shown in the Competition). There is a law in the F.I.A.P.F., a film festival organisation to which Sitges subscribes, as immutable as the







Above: The Festival Jury (in varying states of consciousness and attire). Left to right: Denis Gifford, Horacio Cabral, Dario Argento, Antonio Soler, Joaquim Coll Espona and Pere Serramolina. Below: A scene we'd rather not describe again, from *Viaje Al Mundo De Lo Desconocido* (see review on facing page).

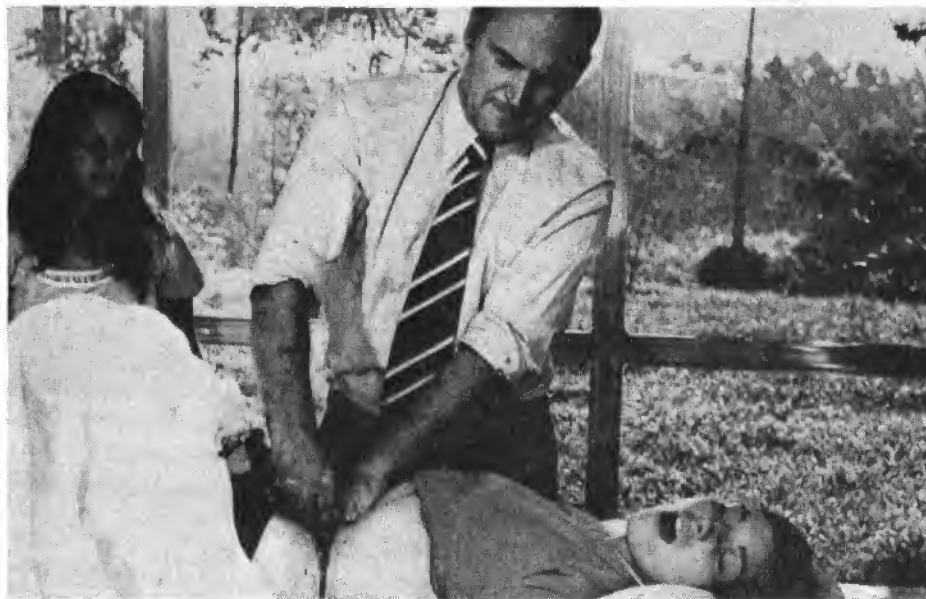
law of Doctor Moreau ("Not to eat meat, that is the law", which is one that I wish I had clung to!). Their law runs "Not to win twice, that is the law", which means that if a film has won anything at any other Festival Fantastico, it cannot be entered in another. And so, Sitges, coming at the end of the annual calendar, is left with—if not the bottom of the barrel—scrapings more than halfway down.

So there was no prize from us for *You're a Widow, Mister*, from Czechoslovakia, which would surely have won Iva Janzurova the *Best Actress Award* for her hilarious performance, or performances, as a well-rounded body made from veal who is continually switching personalities as brain transplant succeeds brain transplant. I won't go into the plot complications, but the film opens with the funniest dismemberment ever.

No prize either for Peter Cushing, a cinch for the *Best Actor Award* with his magnificent MacGregor, a reluctant movie monster, in *Tendre Dracula* (see HoH 11). It has taken the witty French to restore the worn old Hammer *Frankenstein* to his full power. The castle settings, whither the weary film star has withdrawn to restore romance to the world, are the

best since *Dance of the Vampires*; and thanks to Cushing, the film is an even more successful horror-comedy than Polanski's.

Sadly, also, there could be no prize for Inoshiro Honda, whose monster rally of *Godzilla*, *Gappa*, *Rodan*, *Varan*, and their pals, had Dario Argento cheering in his chair for *Invasion of the Monsters*. There were all too few monsters in fact, for my taste, in this *Festival de Fantastico y Terror*. Also too little Fantastico, too much Terror. Science fiction was conspicuous by its absence, while blood ran red all over the screen and down the aisles. Things may be better next year, when the influence is bound to be *Star Wars*. This year the films are still in the pall of *The Exorcist* and *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre*. Indeed, Tobe Hooper struck back with a follow-up to his first success called *Death Trap* (reviewed in HoH 16), as shoddy a cash-in as any "Son of" ever was. Neville Brand, looking and sounding for all the world like Deryck Guyler on an off day, runs a ramshackle hotel in the swamps, scything unlikely guests like Mel Ferrer through the neck (watch it go in one side and out the other! See him try to pull it out!) and feeding them alive to his pet crocodile.



What a film to open a Festival with! The Spanish audience, an unknown quantity to me until this moment, instantly endeared themselves to my heart by nearly booing *Death Trap* off the screen.

Other moments that have burned themselves into my memory include the crucifixion and ignition of live, naked ladies—a regular feature of *El Inquisidor*, from the Argentine. I hated this, until our ex-Argentinian juror told me that it was a symbolic film of the political situation in his country. Then I hated it even more.

The torture scenes in *Les Weekends Malefiques du Comte Zaroff*, or what the everyday office worker gets up to at the weekend (especially if he owns an old castle in the country), were not only unpleasant, they were ludicrous. Unhappily the handsome man I had been sharing the hotel lift with all week turned out to be Comte Zaroff himself—not only actor, but writer and director. Stuck for an award for Best Photography, the Jury gave it to the Comte. Dario and I both abstained; so did the audience!

The Grand Prize of the Festival (interestingly it is awarded to the director) went to Dan Curtis for *Burnt Offerings*, which had us on the edge of our seats. Karen Black, who played Oliver Reed's wife in the film, won our Award for Best Actress, although to be honest she had little competition.

The Award for the Best Screenplay we gave to David Cronenberg, the Canadian writer-director up from television. He made the very exciting *Rabid* (see HoH 16), shot in three weeks on the streets of Montreal with an excitement that mixes *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* with *Panic in the Streets*. Our pet doctor, Serramolina, had had some experience with rabies and was full of praise for the simulated attacks. So we gave the Special Effects Medal to the man responsible, Al Griswold.

The short films were generally poor, save for an Italian cartoon about a man and his swimming-pool, which hardly seemed to qualify as Fantasy or Terror. Our award went to Bogden Zizic of Yugoslavia, who made a tight little thriller called *A Journey*. This is a mini-Hitchcock train ride in which everybody vanishes, not just the lady!

I managed to make my own minor mark in the Festival by writing in a Special Mention for Mexico, "for their contribution to the history of the horror film". Mexico, rather than Richard Basehart's thumb, was for me the eye-opener of the entire event. As the only early-to-rise member of the Jury I had been able to see, at long last, some of those legendary Mexican horror films hitherto only known in England through the pages of HoH magazine ("Mexican Monsters", issues 4 & 5). Abel Salazar, baring his fangs as the 1957 *El Vampiro* and shrinking into a big black bat, has John Carradine knocked into a cocked hat. And *El Espejo de la Bruja*, with its witch-like housekeeper and her magic mirror, and its heroine with her severed hands, has to be seen to be believed.

If the National Film Theatre doesn't programme a season of Mexican monsters soon, I shall go and throw tomatoes at the screen. On toast.

... All of which takes some following. But one good thing (other than Denis's chance to see *El Vampiro*) that came out of the Sitges Festival was our opportunity to chat with Jury Chairman Dario Argento. Our recorded interview follows. ...

In HoH14, we reviewed *Suspiria*. In HoH18, *Deep Red*. Both by Italian director/writer/designer Dario Argento. Following earlier reviews of *Night of the Living Dead*, *The Crazies* and *Martin* (HoH3, 6, 14), we then interviewed their director, George A. Romero in HoH15.

Both top horror men have now teamed up to make *Dawn of the Dead*. so, in answer to your letters, and to put you totally in the picture, we now present the following.

# BEFORE THE DAWN

## An Interview with Dario Argento

**D**ario Argento is currently the king of the Italian thriller. His latest movie *Suspiria* (reviewed in HoH 14) was met with mixed feelings by the critics, as his films combine uneasy suspense with shock tactics and a liberal sprinkling of gore.

Argento's career began when he landed a job with the Rome newspaper *Paesa Sera* as their film critic. Shortly after, he began writing scripts for movies including Sergio Leone's *Once Upon a Time in the West*, for which film—along with Bertolucci—he also prepared the total storyboards.



Scorning formal filmschool training, Argento followed in the footsteps of such other luminaries of the movie world as Steven Spielberg, George Lucas and Francis Ford Coppola and moved from criticism straight into making his own films. He made his debut with a full-length feature film called *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (1969). Interesting to note that the "Bird with the Crystal Plumage" motif turned up in the later film *Suspiria* when, in the gripping climax, Jessica Harper knocked an ornamental bird from a table then used one of its crystal feathers to put an end to the Black Queen of Witches, Elena Markof.

The following interview by our Belgian correspondent Gilbert Verschooten (editor of the fine Belgian horror magazine *Fantoom*) took place at the Sitges festival in which Dario Argento talked about his influences and their effect on his approach to movie-making.





**HoH:** You were quoted in *House of Hammer 14* as saying that your main influences have been the German expressionist cinema in general and Fritz Lang in particular. . . .

**Argento:** Yes. I studied the expressionist school thoroughly, although I don't know to what extent I was influenced by it. But I liked what Fritz Lang did—not only Lang, who was undoubtedly the greatest, but other German directors as well. In my latest film *Suspiria*, I used expressionistic architecture, strange camera-angles and things like that. It was my way of paying a personal tribute.

**HoH:** Another influence seems to be Mario Bava, especially his *Blood and Black Lace* (*Sei Donne per l'Assassino*, 1964).

**Argento:** I was writing reviews at that time, between 1964 and 1968 and I remember very well that I wrote one about that film. I had seen and analysed all of these movies when they came out, but it should be remembered that this horror film movement was rather short: it only lasted for five or six years and there were not that many films either. Nobody talked much about these works then, they were considered to be purely commercial and even a bit vulgar. Nobody seemed to notice that a kind of revolution was going on: for the first time in Italy some non-realistic films were being made. That was very important. Only the younger critics fully understood this, but as we wrote very ruthless and rather complicated criticisms, we were not much appreciated in our country. We took into consideration the different aspects of a film and tried to pursue a political, technical and personal approach, not just limiting ourselves to storytelling or saying something about the actors.

**HoH:** Can we speak of a direct influence, then?

**Argento:** I think my films are personal to me. I produce them, write the script and the music, design the sets and the costumes, etc. I want them to reflect *my* personality and *my* ideas. This is quite essential to me.

**HoH:** Why are your movies so gorey?

**Argento:** Because I make violent movies, and because the blood is an inseparable part of them. It is a means of expressing yourself, while you can obtain some very expressive and even aesthetic effects with it. . . . I am attracted to violence as it is a typical phenomenon of our time. Violence is a new form of protest, a refusal of all the established values. The time for gentle protest is past and hard action takes over now. Violence is also, to a large extent, a way of communication.

**HoH:** In several of your films the murderer is a woman: Eva Renzi in *The Bird with the Crystal Plumage* (*L'Uccello dalle Piume di Cristallo*, 1969), Mimsy Farmer in *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* (*Quattro Mosche di Velluto Grigio*, 1971), and in both *Deep Red* (*Profondo Rosso*, 1975) and *Suspiria* (1976).

**Argento:** Maybe there is a very simple explanation: I work much better with female than with male players: they are the

better actors, they react in a more emotional way and let themselves go. And they are more obedient, too. . . . Men do not respond in the same fashion. And as the assassins are very important characters in my films, you can understand why I turn them into women. At least I think that is the reason. . . . You know, it's difficult to analyse all these aspects very rationally: I make my films in a kind of hypnotic state and afterwards it's not always easy to explain why you did certain things.

**HoH:** How are your films received in Italy?

I installed mirrors to get an indirect light which is much softer than the natural exposure, as they absorb some of the glare. This allowed me to change the complexions of the actors. I also used an old Technicolour 40 ASA film, rather than the current 500 ASA one.

**HoH:** *Suspiria* is in fact your first fantasy film up to now, your other achievements being merely thrillers. Will you continue in this direction?

**Argento:** I think so, yes. *Suspiria* represented a kind of challenge to me as it is impossible



Facing page: Dario Argento himself, deeply engrossed in reading *HoH14*. Plus a scene from Argento's latest shocker, *Suspiria*. Above: A terrified and rain-soaked Jessica Harper about to face the nightmare events of *Suspiria*.

**Argento:** I can't complain. People write a lot of things about me these days. My first movies were very unusual for Italian audiences, since they were in fact experimental ones and there had not been many attempts within that genre in Italy. I like to apply new things in the field of technology, music, mixing and that kind of stuff. For example, I often use strange cameras. In *Four Flies on Grey Velvet* I used a certain camera manufactured in Eastern Germany, that had been sent directly from Berlin allowing a speed of 30,000 images per second! In merely two seconds, it consumed an entire reel. That was incredible, it is really the camera of the future! In *Deep Red* I employed a teleguided micro-camera initially used for purely medical purposes, existing only in Hollywood. It permitted the camera to enter an actor's mouth which could be followed on a television screen. You could accomplish breath-taking camera-movements of one centimetre that created unbelievable effects. . . . In *Suspiria*

to employ realistic methods for a film that is not realistic by definition. So I invented very unreal colours and had sets built like the ancient gothic cathedrals in Germany. . . . I got the permission to shoot in Erasmus's house in Freiburg, where he wrote his *Elegy of Madness*, as well as in the Munich Bierhaus where Hitler gave some of his addresses. . . . The large square where the blind man is killed by his dog is the famous Königplatz in Munich, another memorable place of pilgrimage for the Nazis where the hidden monsters and ghosts are still present. It is the curse of the environment which made the dog kill its master.

**HoH:** Can political opinions also be read into your other films?

**Argento:** It is quite inevitable that political ideas pop up in my movies as politics are a reality of everyday life. But this happens in a very spontaneous way. . . . It is only natural, as I said before that a film will reflect the personality of its maker.

**HoH:** Do you improvise on the set?



**Argento:** I do in the sense that the actors know when it will be their turn and what specific scene they will do. I arrive on the set, have the lighting settled in the necessary way and then I say, for example: 'We shoot scene 32'. I like the spontaneity that can be obtained that way. Of course the players have to know their lines, but that is all. I always do my films that way. When an actor knows exactly when he will be on it becomes mechanical and all the emotion is lost.

**HoH:** Did the famous actors with whom you have worked accept this treatment?

**Argento:** Better than that. They reacted superbly, because they like new things and have never worked like that before. It was the younger actors who objected: they have only one certain method of acting, and when you take away that method nothing is left. They don't have the experience to do other things. Take Tony Musante in *Bird with the Crystal Plumage*. The first day he was completely lost, but after a short period of adaptation everything went very smoothly. And I think he gave one of his best performances in that film.

**HoH:** Is that the reason why you cast older stars?

**Argento:** I always do the casting with the special requirements of a certain part in mind and as far as the casting is concerned, I am not limiting myself to what is happening in Rome, but also in Paris, London, Berlin, Hollywood and so on. This evidently results into a more international cast.

**HoH:** Did you cast Joan Bennett for *Suspiria*?

**Argento:** Yes. I know her very well, since she appeared in several of Fritz Lang's films. She was also his wife, as you know, and a great actress. I went to New York to

see her . . . She had grown older, but I tried to make her appear as she did in *Scarlet Street*, *Beyond the Door* (GB title: *The Devil Within Her*) etc. I put a patch on her, made her use the same lipstick, the same black eye lashes, I tried to achieve the same colour of her hair, to make her look like she did for Lang, thirty years later. As a very distinguished woman of the world.

*Above: Jessica Harper in a deathly struggle with the incarnation of evil, following (above, facing page) the death of her friend (Stefania Casini) in a room of razor-sharp coiled wire. Below: David Hemmings narrowly escapes death at the hands of the mass murderer in Deep Red.*



**HoH:** How was the make-up of the *Suspiria* witch done?

**Argento:** That was no make-up at all! For three months I looked for the oldest woman I could possibly find in Rome for the part and tested several dozen of women over 100. Eventually I found what I wanted, an incredibly old creature, the oldest person I ever saw in my life. It was terrible, I really sensed an impression of



physical horror. She was very good in the film, although she was of course not playing a part in the usual sense of the word. And for the part of the man-servant I wanted a madman, a real fool from an asylum. I started searching for one, but the Italian law prohibits the use of them. So I looked for a man who was mad, without being locked up. I discovered one in a post-office, when I was mailing a postcard. He had a terrible look and awful teeth. And during the shooting he even made propositions to the actresses!

**HoH:** What was the budget of *Suspiria*?

**Argento:** *Suspiria* cost one billion Italian Lira, almost two million dollars: a lot of money, for sure! But it was not a film that was shot in four weeks, and I think everybody will see that. The shooting in Germany and Italy lasted 15 weeks.

**HoH:** And your other films?

**Argento:** *Deep Red* took 12 weeks, the others between 10 and 12. Time is a very important aspect in my films. I always have a chronometer at hand and an assistant always gives me the exact time of each of the actors' movements. I want my films to be rhythmic and as I already have an idea of the music that will be used in the movie, everything has to be carefully timed. I already did this in the very first film I directed. For *Suspiria*, I wrote the music beforehand, and had it played on the set to inspire the players' gestures. It was as if the film existed already.

**HoH:** You have a project under way with George Romero. How is the cooperation going on?

**Argento:** We wrote the script of *Dawn of the Dead*, as the film will be called, together, it is now being shot in Pittsburgh. He is directing it and I write the music and act as the producer.

**HoH:** His approach is entirely different from yours...

**Argento:** We are old friends and know each other's work very well. I think the result will be very interesting. It is really *Night of the Living Dead* revisited in 1977, with all the technical knowledge that became available in the meantime, only much colder and much harder. It is as if ten years later he is remaking his own film. But the finished product will be very different, as his ideas have changed very much during this time.

**HoH:** Isn't it unfortunate that Romero never succeeded in detaching himself from *Night of the Living Dead*?

**Argento:** With that film he made his masterpiece. So why should he do other things? It was a small production, made with little money, but with plenty of ideas in it. Romero is a Cuban, and he knows the Caribbean zombie theme very well: it's part of his culture. This explains the exceptional strength of the film. Maybe it is not a masterpiece, like my own films are maybe not masterpieces, but they are interesting and have something to say. I think that's essential.



## The Films of Dario Argento

**The Bird with the Crystal Plumage (1969)**

(Italy: *L'Uccello Dalle Piume di Cristallo*)

**With:** Tony Musante, Suzy Kendall, Eva Renzi, Umberto Raho, Enrico Maria Salerno, Mario Adorf and Renato Romano.

Written and Directed by **Dario Argento**, Director of Photography **Vittorio Storaro**, Art Direction by **Dario Micheli**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Music by **Ennio Morricone**, Sound by **Carlo Diotallevi**, Produced by **Salvatore Argento**. A Seda Spettacoli/CCC Production.

**The Cat O'Nine Tails (1971)**

(Italy: *Il Gatto a Nove Code*)

**With:** Karl Malden, James Franciscus, Catherine Spaak, Cinzia de Carolis, Carlo Alighiero, Vittoria Cingia, Pier Paolo Capponi, Corrado Olmi, Tino Carraro.

Written and Directed by **Dario Argento** from a story by **Dario Argento**, **Luigi Collo** and **Dardano Sacchetti**, Director of Photography **Enrico Menczer**, Art Direction by **Carl Leva**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Music by **Ennio Morricone**, Sound by **Luciano Anzellotti**, Production Manager **Angelo Iacono**, Produced by **Salvatore Argento**. A Seda Spettacoli/Mondial Films/Terra Filmkunst/Labrador Films Production.

**Four Flies on Grey Velvet (1971)**

(Italy: *Quattro Mosche di Velluto Grigio*)

**With:** Michael Brandon, Mimsy Farmer, Jean-Pierre Marielle, Francine Racette, Bud Spencer, Calisto Tanzi, Marisa Fabbri, Oreste Lionello.

Written and Directed by **Dario Argento** from a story by **Dario Argento**, **Luigi Cozzi** and **Mario Foglietti**, Director of Photography **Franco Di Giacomo**, Art Direction by **Enrico Sabbatini**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Music by **Ennio Morricone**, Produced by **Salvatore Argento**. A Seda Spettacoli/Universal Film Production.

**The 5 Days of Milan (1973)**

(Italy: *Les Cinq Giornate*)

**With:** Adriano Celentano, Enzo Cusico, Marilu Tolo, Sergio Graziani, Luisa de Santis, Carla Tato, Glauco Onorato.

Written and Directed by **Dario Argento**, Director of Photography **Luigi Kuweiller**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Produced by **Salvatore Argento**.

**Deep Red (1975)**

(Italy: *Profondo Rosso*)

**David Hemmings** (as *Marc Daly*), **Daria Nicolodi** (*Gianna Brezzi*) with **Gabriele Lavia**, **Macha Meril**, **Eros Pagni**, **Giuliana Calandra** and **Nicolletta Elmi**.

Directed by **Dario Argento**, Screenplay by **Dario Argento** and **Bernardino Zapponi**, Director of Photography **Luigi Kuweiller**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Music by **Giorgio Gaslani** and **The Goblins**, Makeup by **Giuliano Laurenti**, Produced by **Claudio Argento**, Executive Producer **Salvatore Argento**. A Seda Spettacoli Production.

**Suspiria (1976)**

**Jessica Harper** (as *Susy*), **Stefania Cassini** (*Sara*), **Flavio Bucci** (*Daniel*), **Miguel Bose** (*Mark*), **Udo Kier** (*Frank*), **Rudolph Schundler** (*Prof Milius*), **Alida Valli** (*Miss Tanner*), **Joan Bennet** (*Miss Blank*). Directed by **Dario Argento**, Screenplay by **Dario Argento** and **Daria Nicolodi**, Director of Photography **Luciano Tovoli**, Production Design by **Giuseppe Natali**, Art Direction by **Maurizio Garrone**, **David Bassan** and **Enrico Fiorentini**, Special Effects by **Germano Natali**, Makeup by **Pierantonio Mecacci**, Edited by **Franco Fraticelli**, Music by **Dario Argento** and **The Goblins**, Sound by **Mario Dallimonti**, Sound Effects by **Luciano Anzellotti**, Produced by **Claudio Argento**, Executive Producer **Salvatore Argento**. A Seda Spettacoli Production.

# UNLIKE ANYTHING YOU'VE SEEN BEFORE!

**The 3-Dimensional Movie**





Feature by Tise Vahimagi

**T**he phenomena of the Stereoscopic motion picture (3-D film) was one of the most short-lived of inventive movie phases.

1953 was the year that the 3-D film actually had a life of its own; it was, at the time, intended to usher in a sparkling new period for the ailing motion picture industry. However, its period of activity was over so quickly that one might have wondered what the commotion was all about—had the process not excited and annoyed movie audiences, as well as instigating a complete change in American film production and exhibition.

The 3-D film was not an invention of the post-war American film industry—its history is almost as long as that of Cinema itself. Lumiere had produced “dimensional” short films as early as 1903, and the interest in stereoscopic “views” continued through the 1920s and ‘30s. By the end of the 1930s, colour 3-D shorts had been produced in America and Germany. However, the problems involving the red/green colour process, the dual projector synchronisation, and the polarized filters and glasses—although producing excellent images—were too great to make the system popular with exhibitors and general audiences.

The years following World War Two saw a sharp decrease in movie audiences. The late Forties and early Fifties were the threshold years for the decline of the great old Hollywood Studio motion picture industry. At first there were the “witch-hunt” trials played out by the House Committee On Un-American Activities, investigating “subversive influences” in the film industry. Then there was the most monstrous threat of all—Television.

The growing prominence of the big TV networks in America caused great rumblings in the movie industry, as well as through the hallowed halls of the Radio media. TV was attracting the audiences that, only a few years before, had filled out the movie-theatres. The drive was now on to draw back and sustain the public’s interest in motion pictures; a new gimmick was needed, something that could compete with Television yet could not be easily reproduced by it.

Motion picture technology started work on something “new” to bring back the falling audience figures—the “new” thing that started it all was **Cinerama**. Opening on September 30, 1952, in New York, **This is Cinerama** created something of a commotion initially but still failed to set the ball rolling. **This is Cinerama** did, however, lay a path for all the future visual and screen processes. The failure of Cinerama was due to the actual operation of exhibition itself; theatres had to install new equipment, triple projectors, etc., and all this technical conversion meant money. It also meant that once the movie-theatre was converted enough to be able to handle the

process it could not readily revert back to screening the majority of films available.

The 3-Dimensional “effect” that Cinerama gave was really the foundation-stone for the actual 3-D explosion; already early 3-D shorts were being brought out of the vaults for a new “airing”. Milton L. Gunzberg, along with his optometrist brother, had developed a vastly superior 3-D process, and with this he formed the Natural Vision Corporation. Arch Oboler, long-time producer and director of the **Lights Out** radio show, joined forces with Gunzberg and started production on **Bwana Devil**—utilising the new Natural Vision 3-D process and the 5,000 feet of film that Oboler had shot in Africa some years before.

The fundamental stages of the 3-D

process used in the early Fifties first appeared during the early Twenties. This process was called the *anaglyphic method*, and involved two separate images for both left eye and right eye to be projected at the same time and superimposed on the screen. In order to make out the overlapping images on the screen the viewer was required to use special spectacles which, at their most basic, had one red lens and one green lens.

The films seen in 3-D during the 1953 boom used the *polaroid anaglyph* process. The basics of this involve two projectors with polaroid filters that project on to a (literally) silver screen so that the images are superimposed. The *polaroid filter* process allows light to pass along a single line, due to the crystal composition of the filter,



Facing page: The 1961 3-D Canadian-made **Eyes of Hell (The Mask)**. Paul Stevens when wearing ancient mask, suffers psychotic hallucinations and is driven to a desire to murder. Above: Jack Arnold's 1953 3-D **It Came From Outer Space**, based on Ray Bradbury's "The Meteor". The London Pavilion made great play of the 3-D effects for the film's British premiere.



and the filter on the projectors are set so that they project light along opposing lines. The viewing-spectacles have their polaroid lenses set exactly to match the projector filters, and the result on the screen creates a large three-dimensional image.

With the use of polaroid filters it was unnecessary to employ the red/green system, and now full-colour or black & white films could be seen successfully in 3-D. Still, this form of projection caused many problems; projectors had to be synchronised perfectly, power to each projector had to be equally maintained, breaks in one film had to be matched in the other film, etc.

Hailed as "the world's first three-dimensional feature in colour, *Bwana Devil* was released on November 27, 1952. During its first week the film, in only one Los Angeles theatre, grossed an astounding \$100,000.

*Bwana Devil* received strong critical attack from the beginning and continued running with bad reviews, but the audience reaction to 3-D was more powerful. The plot itself was a silly jungle thriller but so popular was *Bwana Devil*'s 3-D that just about every film company immediately crashed into production on their own 3-D film. The gate had been left open by Gunzburg and Oboler—and now everyone was out to join the "new" motion picture boom. Conversion of the movie-theatres to the new process was cheaper than the changes demanded by Cinerama. With the threat of Television constantly hovering overhead, 3-D seemed to be the great saviour of the film industry in the early Fifties. Oboler shortly afterwards sold *Bwana Devil* completely over to United Artists for an incredible \$1.75 million.

By early 1953, Warners and Columbia were in production on their own 3-D pictures, and were using Gunzburg's Natural Vision process. Warner Brothers

were remaking their 1933 *Mystery of the Wax Museum* chiller as *Waxworks*—they later changed it to *House of Wax*. Columbia, meanwhile, were going ahead with their own production, *Man in the Dark*, which was a rush-job shot in black & white.

Warners were moving into high-gear with their *House of Wax*, and were promoting it as "The first 3-Dimensional feature picture produced by a major studio!" This was mainly to deter any feelings the public may have had about the critical barrage experienced by the independently-made *Bwana Devil*. *House of Wax*, directed by Andre De Toth (who, curiously enough, only had one eye and would never be able to see the fruits of his work), opened on April 10, 1953, in New York—just two days after Columbia rush-released their *Man in the Dark* in the same city.

Universal's cartoon unit announced what was to be America's first 3-D cartoon, but were beaten to the post by Disney's *Melody*—which was shot with the Disney Multiplane camera that had been used for the production of *Snow White* some 15 years before. Eventually, there appeared a 3-D Popeye cartoon from Paramount, a 3-D Woody Woodpecker from Universal, a 3-D Bugs Bunny from Warner Brothers, and a 3-D animated version of *The Tell-Tale Heart* from UPA.

The 3-D films themselves are not an easy subject to evaluate and discuss unless one has seen them *all* in their original form, also hoping that most other people are somewhat familiar with the films in their original 3-D capacity. Most American 3-D films of the 1950s, on reaching Britain up to a year after initial release, were generally shown "flat".

However, even on a TV re-viewing of some movies originally made in the three-dimensional process, you can see the major "effect" elements coming through; in the horror/sci-fi films the "effect" scenes were usually of shock, while the western and action pictures featured great outdoor sequences. Both had the common denominator of things being specially thrown at you out of the screen.

*House of Wax*, for instance, is famous for its paddleball sequence using the 3-D effect. There is also the can-can girls routine kicking their legs out of the screen (and the poster advertising). Whereas Warner Brothers had the beautiful 2-strip Technicolor process utilised to a most enjoyable effect on *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*, they wasted the 3-D process with *House of Wax*. The 1933 film, directed by the powerful Michael Curtiz, is a sheer visual pleasure, but De Toth's version with Vincent Price remains dramatically superior. Cutting out the doorman's paddleball sequence and the can-can routine, and even shooting *House of Wax* "flat", would have in no way detracted from its suspense and pacing.

Columbia Pictures' *The Mad Magician* with a screenplay by *House of Wax* writer Crane Wilbur, went through practically the same routine as the Warners film—including Vincent Price as the central character, only this time as a deranged magician. Director John Brahm, with *The Mad Magician*, made a film that Andre De Toth had made better the previous year. Even John Brahm, Vincent Price, and 3-D couldn't save this one.

*Robot Monster*, produced by Astor, went on record as being the first science-fiction film released in 3-D. Both *Robot Monster* and the other Astor 3-D film, *Cat*



Across these pages are two British release posters for 3-D movies, plus a scene from one: *House of Wax*, starring Vincent Price (1953). The film, a remake of the 1932 *Mystery of the Wax Museum*, also featured bit-player Charles Buchinsky, who later changed his name to... Charles Bronson!



**Women of the Moon**, were very juvenile science-fantasy packages, filmed in black & white. **Robot Monster** featured an end-of-the-world situation with a robot creature unleashing its death-ray on the populace. The aliens in **Cat Women of the Moon** appear as a bevy of Hollywood starlets masquerading as "cat girls". Both these pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

**The Maze**, from Allied Artists, was a spooky tale about a nobleman who is in fact a large, 2000-year-old frog (!). This is the dark-secret premise that this film revolves around—however, the monochrome atmosphere sustained through director William Cameron Menzies' production design is quite effective. Most of the action takes place in a gloomy old castle, but Menzies made marvellous use of perspective design and eerie camera angles.

Warner Brothers followed up **House of Wax** with the 3-D colour **Phantom of the Rue Morgue**, directed with some excellent moments by Roy Del Ruth. This time Karl Malden was playing Vincent Price and, though lacking at times, created quite a disturbing character. The three-dimensional excitement in **Phantom of the Rue Morgue** was mostly in the things leaping out of the screen "effect"—mainly consisting of the hand-from-the-side-of-the-frame variety—and any effective moments contained in this film are provided by Del Ruth's "effects" rather than by the script.

**It Came From Outer Space** was the first of the Universal black & white 3-D films. All three Universal productions—which include **Creature From the Black Lagoon** and **Revenge of the Creature**—were guided by the competent hand of director Jack Arnold, though his Creature films still appear as the best of this trio. Based on Ray Bradbury's treatment, "*The Meteor*", **It Came From Outer Space** made elementary but interesting use of the desert landscape, as well as a couple of things whizzing out of the screen, and a few sudden zoom-in shots, for 3-D. Some good perspective camera angles are also featured, using a corridor, a mine-shaft, and the seemingly endless desert highway. However, overused shots of the meteor landing/heaving straight at you/taking-off become quite boring after a while.

The first Creature film **Creature From the Black Lagoon**, offered much more by way of 3-D visuals—with particular emphasis on the superb underwater sequences. The film succeeds as quite a potent horror/monster story when above the water but once we get into the lagoon, and the camera starts subjectively prowling around through the reeds and shafts of light, the visual "effects" are quite unique. Some beautiful Cocteau-like mirror shots caught from below the surface when Julia Adams is swimming slowly across the lagoon are particularly fascinating. It really went to prove that the perfect setting for 3-D

photography must be of an aquatic nature. In **Revenge of the Creature** the Gill-Man is finally captured and transported to Florida where he, naturally, escapes and creates havoc. Although quite an eventful picture, the main activity takes place on land and in an aquamarina—leaving little for impressive 3-D photography. All three Universal pictures, on release in Britain, were shown "flat".

**Gorilla at Large** is fun, not only because of the line-up of interesting players, but also because the story is basically quite absurd. This picture is the work of Panoramic Productions/20th-Century-Fox, made in colour and headlines Cameron Mitchell, Anne Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin, and Warren

Stevens. The story is simply a routine murder mystery trying hard to feature the title character. However, the plot has a fairground of gadgets to play with and attempts to make use of them by implying "horror" with the 3-D process; typical of **Phantom of the Rue Morgue**, the gorilla makes more than one attempt at reaching and swinging out of the screen over the audience. The colour is quite pleasant but the players, and 3-D, are somewhat wasted.

Ivan Tors' **Gog**, on the other hand, is much more subtle with its exploitation of 3-D—in fact, it is so calm that when viewed in black & white (the original rich colour prints **should** be seen) the picture is



quite boring. This one is basically a spy mystery involving the take-over of a super-computer by agents and the control of the two potentially dangerous robots.

The 1961 Canadian production, **The Mask** (re-released as **Eyes of Hell**), tells of an ancient mask that induces psychotic hallucinations in the wearer and prompts him to commit murder. This film only contains "3-D sequences", and they are activated only when the mask is being worn.

Arch Oboler was back in action again in 1966 with **The Bubble**, which he had written, produced, and directed. The story concerns three lost people who come across a small town which, they soon realise, is under the control of aliens. However, Oboler's picture—made in the new Spacevision process—wasn't released until 1975, and then it was retitled (for American release) as **Fantastic Invasion of Planet Earth**.

There was a 1968 Spanish production, **Frankenstein's Bloody Terror**, released in 1971—it was shot in 3-D and 70mm but probably shown "flat". The story is too outrageous to relate (despite the presence of Paul Naschy), and the film's only two points of reference are that *Frankenstein* has no relevance to the plot and illustrator Gray Morrow worked on the Art Design.

Andy Warhol's **Flesh For Frankenstein** comes in, unfortunately, with the crop of gore/sexploitation films that utilised 3-D. **Flesh For Frankenstein**, intended basically as a satire on the horror genre, succeeds with its use of 3-D as a most nauseous component in conveying scenes of bloody corpses and bloody transplants. In this context it is *more* of a "gimmick" than the rocks-and-arrows-flying-out-of-the-screen stuff that was being produced in



Above: Another scene from *Eyes of Hell* (*The Mask*), 1961. Below: The 1954 3-D Fox film, *Gorilla At Large*, featuring Cameron Mitchell, Ann Bancroft, Lee J. Cobb, Raymond Burr, Lee Marvin and Warren Stevens. It followed the traditional pattern of murderer disguised in monkey-suit, the twist being the murderer is female this time.

the '50s. However, the film—as a film—has too many good and enjoyable areas to be dismissed merely as a silly example of 3-D moviemaking.

The phase of the 3-D film disappeared as fast as it arrived in the early Fifties—the reasons behind its sudden decline are two-pronged.

The constantly changing financial and technical problems that plagued the viewing and exhibition of 3-D films eventually proved too much for both theatre-owners and audiences. Theatre-owners had to

continually put up with bickering from projectionists' unions, increasing costs of installation and modification of equipment, costs involving the distribution of viewing-spectacles, etc. Audiences, too, were annoyed and inconvenienced by the rising cost of admission, inept projection and bad synchronisation, discomfort of the viewing-glasses, and damaged prints.

The other major reason behind the fall of 3-D movies was the introduction of CinemaScope (first seen with **The Robe** in late 1953), and other widescreen processes. Most films made in 3-D that saw release in 1954 were finally shown "flat" and have never been seen in 3-D.

A single-strip 3-D film process had been developed but was kept under wraps for too long, leaving CinemaScope to grab the public's attention and offer them a wide-screen film *almost* like 3-D but without the discomfort of special viewing-spectacles. CinemaScope also had its use in combating the great surge of Television by having a frame-ratio too wide to easily project on, the TV screen. In fact, CinemaScope films—even when eventually bought by Television—gave TV innumerable problems for many years with unsuitable telecasting.

However, the great heyday of 3-D movies was over, and the film industry had little regret at its passing. Although Oboler's Spacevision is apparently the most perfected 3-D process to date, being far superior to the products of the early Fifties, its system has hardly been used in recent years. There are occasional "exploitation" 3-Dimensional films made, usually in the soft-core pornography field, but their real popularity has yet to be created. It certainly would be a pleasure to see another "explosive" 3-D revival.







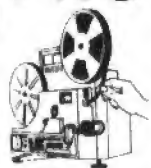
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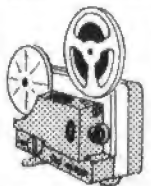
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THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM  
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I WAS A TEENAGE WEREWOLF	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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THE UNDEAD	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>
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## FLASHBACK

by John Fleming

ON the evening of 5th June 1968, Senator Robert Kennedy had supper at a Malibu beach-house with Roman Polanski and Sharon Tate. Then he went on to the Ambassador Hotel to be shot.

By July 1968, the world was facing a major crisis: there was an international shortage of circus clowns. It was no laughing matter. That same year had seen the killings of Robert Kennedy and Martin Luther King; strikes and a students' revolt which took France to the brink of civil war; student riots in Germany and Italy; a pitched battle between Vietnam War demonstrators and police outside the US Embassy in London; the death of Flower Power.

The clown crisis was easily solved: Ringling Bros-Barnum & Bailey opened the world's first school for professional clowns. As for those other problems, the world needed a new saviour. And that is just what film director Roman Polanski provided. In June, a full-page advertisement had appeared in *Variety*:

*"Rosemary . . . Guy . . . The Bramford . . . the girl . . . the dead girl . . . the neighbours . . . the friend . . . the dead friend . . . the nightmare . . . the doctor . . . the vicious nightmare . . . the other doctor . . . the truth . . . the baby . . . poor baby . . . whose baby? . . . pray for Rosemary's Baby."*

Roman Polanski's classic horror movie tells the story of a young girl (Mia Farrow) who is unknowingly the mother of the Devil's son. At the time, *Rosemary's Baby* was original. But it later had its own offspring. It is about a new saviour for the world (as is *The Omen*); about a monster mothered by a human (as is *It's Alive* etc); about a girl possessed by unknown forces (as is *The Exorcist*). And it was controversial. Paramount chief Robert Evans said later: "When we previewed *Rosemary's Baby* in Palo Alto, California, a woman came up to me afterwards and said: 'You should be ashamed of yourselves.' At that moment, I knew we had a hit." The (US) National Catholic Office for Motion Pictures gave it their rare 'C' (Condemned) Rating. They explained their decision:

*"Because of several scenes of nudity, this contemporary horror story about devil worship would qualify for a condemned rating. Much more serious, however, is the perverted use which the film makes of fundamental Christian beliefs, especially in the events surrounding the birth of Christ and its mockery of religious persons and practices. The very technical excellence of the film serves to intensify its inflammatory nature."*

The phrase "mockery of religious persons and practices" referred mainly to the dinner-table scene in which Pope Paul's visit to the UN is discussed. Other details which

# Rosemary's Baby



Three stages of fear for Mia Farrow as Rosemary, in Polanski's classic 1968 movie.

did not please the Office were that Rosemary is a lapsed Catholic, her name is similar to the biblical Mary and she is told that she has been "chosen from among all women" (a direct quote from the Bible).

Producer William Castle (see *HoH 16*) claimed the film "was never intended to promote evil, but was meant to be a shocker". And Polanski had said while still

shooting it: "*Rosemary's Baby* is entertainment more than anything else I've ever done. Very exciting entertainment. It is not something which will change your philosophy, will make you think deep or anything. But it's fun—it's a lot of fun".

The US press generally agreed when it was nationally released in July. *Newsday* said Polanski had "out-Hitchcocked Hitch-



cock"; *Newsweek* said Polanski was now "a director of the front rank"; and *Time* said (very oddly) "Miss Farrow is built for the part of Rosemary".

Mia Farrow's personal publicity must also have helped the film's success. Her marriage to Frank Sinatra broke up towards the end of shooting and, according to one observer, there were "more lawyers than actors pacing the floor" of the set. The book also helped. Ira Levin's novel was on the (US) hardback bestseller list for

wrists and ankles tied to bed-rails. Trevelyan felt it only fair (to the *Strangler* producer and director) that he should also cut the fantasy seduction in *Rosemary's Baby*. So a 15 second sequence was removed in which a nude Mia Farrow was tied to a bedpost and a scaly hand touched her skin.

Polanski, a British resident at the time, was appalled: "There shouldn't be censorship," he said: "It's awful. I spent four months cutting that film, carefully, minutely, frame by frame, days and nights together

house complained about *Rosemary's Baby*, this time publicly. "It touches," she said, "on depths of depravity, mental anguish and the psychologically unbalanced, which should arouse the greatest caution." She then admitted she had never seen the film.

One person who had, though, was comedian Kenneth Williams (co-star of many *Carry On* films). He wrote irately to *The Times*: "It is an unpleasant perversion . . . The particularly nauseating version of witchcraft which it peddles incurs no wrath, only revulsion and sadness; one is conscious of a bleak misuse of talent and a childish obsession with cruelty."

Polanski did have a childish obsession and it was expressed in *Rosemary's Baby*; "I remember when I was 12, maybe 14, I liked atmospheres that came from closed interiors—stifling . . . What I like is an extremely realistic setting in which there is something that does not fit with the real."

There had been more to *Rosemary's Baby*, though. In June 1968, a month before the film's national US release, Vatican Radio said it would continue to broadcast the song *God Is Dead* despite public protests. In Polanski's film, shot in late 1967, Rosemary looks at the famous *Time* cover: IS GOD DEAD? In a year, the question had become a statement. In another year, Polanski was attending his wife's funeral. In under ten years, the film which the US Catholic Office had called "perverted" and "inflammatory" was on British TV.

After being "viewed at a senior level within the TV service", the BBFC version of *Rosemary's Baby* was transmitted by the BBC on 29th October 1976. (They had originally intended to screen it on Halloween, 31st.)

It's a long time since 1968: the year of assassinations, Vietnam, near-revolution and real fear about the future. Early in that year, BBC TV Light Entertainment chief Tom Sloan had banned comic references to Harold Wilson: "Jokes about the Prime Minister are getting too frequent and too corny". But, in July 1968, Sloan lifted the ban: "There is no longer any restriction. All I require is that the jokes are funny". The world was beginning to settle down again, people were accepting a more brutal situation and were flocking to see the new saviour in *Rosemary's Baby*.

As for Polanski, he said: "I like all horror films. They make me laugh like crazy".



42 weeks and went on to sell two million in paperback.

*Rosemary's Baby* was a breakthrough for the horror film: a major Hollywood company (Paramount) had made a major commercial film which was a major success. This was at a time when the big money-makers were *The Graduate* and *The Odd Couple* (although 2001 had just scored a big success), when the all-time biggie was still *The Sound of Music*. Now a horror film had broken through to the mass market again. But this silver cloud had a grey lining.

When *Rosemary's Baby* was released in Britain, film censor John Trevelyan insisted on a 15 second cut in the scene where Rosemary conceives the Devil's child. The reason was Richard Fleischer's movie *The Boston Strangler*.

When *Strangler* was shown to the British Board of Film Censors (BBFC), they took specialist advice from psychiatrists. Trevelyan was told that the visuals and sounds of ripping cloth were potentially stimulating to would-be psychopathic killers and those attracted by rape. As a result, cuts were made in one scene in which cloth was ripped, a victim's legs forced apart then her



sometimes—and then he (Trevelyan) comes along with shears."

When the BBC bought the British TV rights as part of a 'film package' in 1974, that self-appointed guardian of Britain's morals, Mrs Mary Whitehouse, complained to the Corporation and was told there were no plans to show it. But, two years later, the BBC announced that they would screen the film. Again, Mrs White-

#### ROSEMARY'S BABY (1968)

Starring Mia Farrow, John Cassavetes, Ruth Gordon, Sidney Blackmer, Maurice Evans, Ralph Bellamy, Patsy Kelly, Elisha Cook Jr., Angela Dorian (later Victoria Vetri), William Castle, Tony Curtis (voice only).

Written & Directed by Roman Polanski; Produced by William Castle; Based on the novel by Ira Levin. Released by Paramount. 134 mins.

# HISTORY OF HAMMER

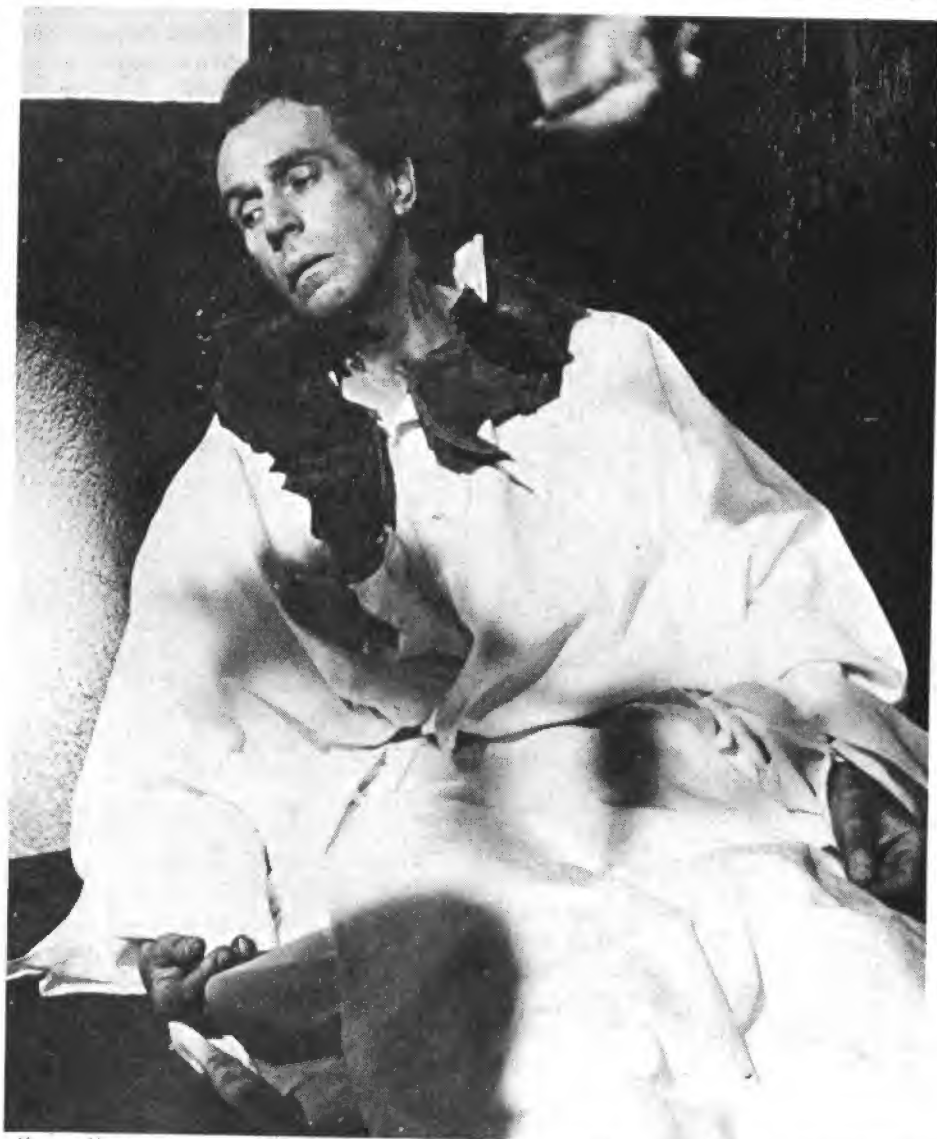
## Part Six: Evil of Frankenstein to She 1963-1965

By Bob Sheridan

Hammer's association with Warner-Pathe began in 1963 with the release of *The Scarlet Blade* (which Columbia cleverly retitled *The Crimson Blade* when they released it in America). The film was another widescreen colour swash-buckler, written and directed by John Gilling. Featuring Lionel Jeffries and Oliver Reed, the movie had its fair share of action thrills, but was noticeably less violent than *Captain Clegg* or *The Pirates of Blood River* (see *History of Hammer part V* in *HoH 22*). Universal distributed Hammer's last 1963 release, *Paranoiac*, an original Jimmy Sangster thriller starring Oliver Reed. The film introduced a new director, Freddie Francis, to the Hammer household. Francis, though new to directing (he had only begun in 1961), had established himself previously as an expert cinematographer. In addition to the whale sequences for *Moby Dick*, Francis had shot the eerie ghost film, *The Innocents*. With this background, it is not surprising that Francis rapidly became associated with horror films when he turned to directing. *Paranoiac* concerns a long-lost brother (Alexander Davion), believed dead, who returns to his family in order to claim his estate. Although Davion deals easily with any challenges to the authenticity of his claim, Oliver Reed (as Davion's . . . brother?) seems too certain that Davion simply isn't who he says he is. The answers to the plot's questions involve multiple deception, murder, an unhealthy dose of insanity and yet another fiery finale, Hammer-style.

Hammer's first release of 1964, again through Universal, was *Kiss of the Vampire*, Hammer's first real "Hammer horror" since *The Phantom of the Opera*. Once again, impressive period costuming and Bernard Robinson's magnificent production designs were trotted out to provide atmosphere for a classic tale of terror. However, this time John Elder's screenplay was original, rather than being based on any previous source. Up until then, every major Hammer colour horror film had been a remake, adaptation, or sequel. Hammer went out on a limb, compounding their risk by not including either Peter Cushing or Christopher Lee in the cast. Even a new director, Don Sharp, was used on this, his first horror film! But, by cleverly combining popular visual and story elements from their previous films with an original story and fresh talent, Hammer turned up a winner.

*Kiss of the Vampire* tells the story of a young honeymoon couple (Edward de Souza and Jennifer Daniel) travelling by motor car (it is made obvious that the car



Above: Human Vampire Doctor Ravna (Noel Willman) is slowly killed by "real" blood-sucking bats in *Kiss of the Vampire* (1964). Facing page: Kiwi Kingston, Katy Wild and Peter Cushing in two scenes from *Evil of Frankenstein* (1964).

is a very recent invention) through Bavaria. Since this is a Hammer Film and not a travelogue, the couple's plans are altered quickly, and they fall under the influence of a Doctor Ravna (Noel Willman) and his family. It develops that Ravna's family and immediate circle of acquaintances comprise a cult of vampires. Strong Hitchcockian overtones emerge when Miss Daniel is kidnapped during a masquerade ball thrown by the Ravnas and her husband finds that every shred of evidence that she had ever existed has been removed! In desperation, the husband turns to the mysterious Professor Zimmer (Clifford Evans), who reveals that his daughter had been vampirised by the Ravna cult. Several

harrowing adventures later, the young couple are reunited and flee the area. Then Zimmer, in a sequence originally announced for *Dracula II* (released as *Brides of Dracula*), summons up a huge swarm of vampire bats, which fly into Ravna's castle and wipe out the entire cult.

As can be seen even from so sketchy an outline of the film's plot, the characters of Dracula and Van Helsing are strongly implied in the characters of Ravna and Zimmer, respectively. However, more than the names were changed. Zimmer is not the dedicated scientist that Van Helsing is; at times he seems to be a drunken old derelict. His motivation in his war against Ravna is personal revenge not any crusading spirit



urging him to make the world a safer place. In a way, though, Zimmer is a more believable character than Van Helsing, in that the audience is able to relate directly to the cause for Zimmer's actions, while Van Helsing remains somewhat of an enigma. On the vampire side, neither Ravna himself nor any of his followers are presented in the traditional movie vampire style. Instead of the traditional black, white is the colour of the vampires' clothing. Ravna also makes a vague reference to some scientific experiment of his which went wrong; while this statement is never clarified, it does provide a hint as to the cause of his vampirism.

The overall style of *Kiss of the Vampire* is also different to that of the two Terence Fisher vampire films for Hammer (*Dracula* and *Brides of Dracula*). Fisher's films constantly contrast the attractive surface appeal of the vampires with the horrifying and evil acts which they perform. Don Sharp, however, gives almost no visual evidence of the vampire cult's horrific side. Instead he concentrates on the charming, civilised illusion which the cult uses, allowing the only vampires' restraint to hint at the decadence lurking below the surface. Outside of two brief sequences in early sections of the film (and, of course, the

second film of the series. In keeping with the "softening" of the Hammer style (as in *The Scarlet Blade* and *Kiss of the Vampire*), Frankenstein's personality in *Evil* makes the title seem a bit of a lie. For the only time in the entire series, Frankenstein is treated as a hero!

A major influence in the film seems to have been the fact that it was the first Hammer Frankenstein film to be made for Universal, who held the copyright on the makeup design originally used on Boris Karloff in the 1931 *Frankenstein*. Thus, while original makeups had to be devised for the first two Hammer Frankensteins, *The Evil of Frankenstein* allowed Roy Ashton to devise his makeup design around the "classic" Frankenstein appearance. Kiwi Kingston, an Australian wrestler, appeared as the creature wearing what appeared to be a pile of potato sacks sewn together into a makeshift suit. And, while his makeup suggested that which Jack Pierce had originally created for Universal three decades earlier, the Hammer version, not surprisingly, leaned more toward stitches and scar tissue. Unfortunately, access to Universal's makeup did not inspire Hammer to attempt a stronger

characterisation for Frankenstein's creation; in fact, the creature in this film is less "human" than in either of Hammer's first two outings, with Kingston shuffling about mindlessly.

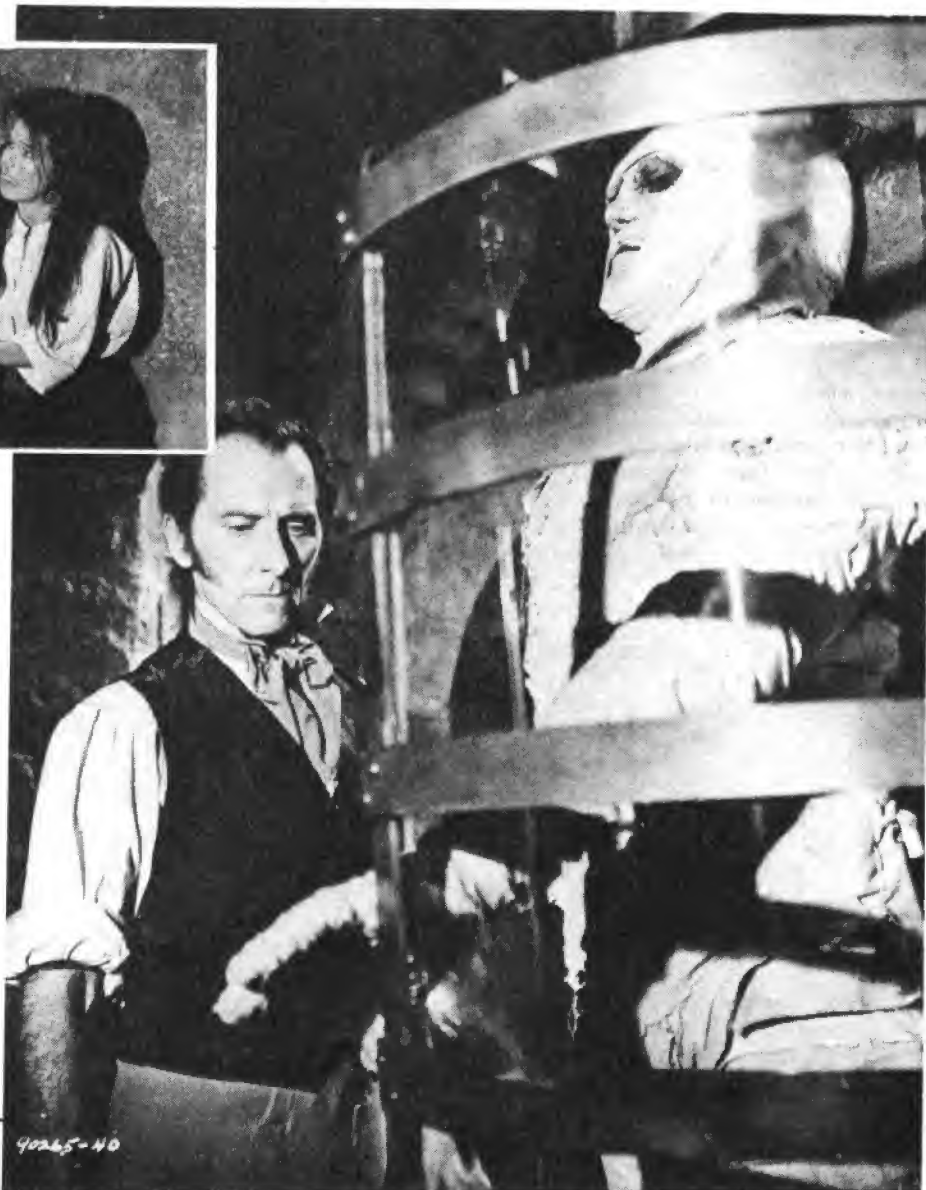
The film's script indicated that Anthony Hinds was becoming more and more interested in the theme of supernatural retribution. Frankenstein and Hans return after a long absence to the Baron's castle, which has been destroyed by the local populace and robbed of its valuables by the burgomeister and the Chief of Police. Attempting to regain his possessions, Frankenstein is officially banished from the area under penalty of death. In the nearby mountains, the Baron and Hans discover the body of the creature frozen in a block of ice. As Frankenstein reveals in the film's flashback, this creature was his first successful experiment. It escaped and was pursued into the mountains and shot by the police. When its body fell, no one was able to find it... until now. When Frankenstein thaws out the creature and brings it home, he finds that it is alive, but unresponsive to any stimulus.

Frankenstein turns in desperation to Zoltan (Peter Woodthorpe), a greedy



violent climax), Sharp relies on mood, suspense, and unexpected plot turns (the disappearance of Miss Daniel) to take the place of the expected visual horrors. And the elaborate "rules" of vampirism, as laid down in *Dracula* and expanded on in *Brides of Dracula*, are generally ignored in *Kiss of the Vampire*, which instead chooses to imply its own supernatural universe.

*Kiss of the Vampire* was followed by Universal's release of *The Evil of Frankenstein*, the third film to feature Peter Cushing as Baron Victor Frankenstein. This time around, Jimmy Sangster and Terence Fisher, the writer-director team behind *The Curse of Frankenstein* (adapted in *HoH* 2 and 3) and *The Revenge of Frankenstein*, were replaced by John Elder (Anthony Hinds) and Freddie Francis. Elder's screenplay drops the close continuity between the first two films (and even contradicts them in its flashback sequence), although Frankenstein still has an assistant named Hans (Sandor Eles) as he did in the



hypnotist who, like the Baron, has just been ordered to leave town. Zoltan is able to revive the creature, but it only responds to his voice. Using his hypnotic control over the creature, Zoltan has it steal gold and murder the burgomeister. Eventually the creature turns on Zoltan and stabs him to death before the castle catches fire and burns to the ground, taking Frankenstein and his creation with it. Hans escapes, along with a deaf-mute girl (Katy Wild) who was found staring at the creature's frozen body in the mountains.

At this point it is worthwhile to note that both *Kiss of the Vampire* and *The Evil of Frankenstein* were "doctored" for American television. In both cases, violent footage was eliminated, and whole new sequences with American actors were shot in order to give the films exactly the running time required for a two-hour presentation on commercial network television. The added footage in *The Evil of Frankenstein* mainly concerns the deaf-mute girl, whose condition, we are informed, was caused by seeing the creature when she was a child. Suggestions are made that a certain Dr Freud, who has some expertise in matters of mental difficulties, might be able to cure her. *Kiss of the Vampire* suffered even a worse fate; so much footage was removed (including nearly all of the bat attack) that the title was changed to *Kiss of Evil*. An incredible subplot involving the family of the village woman who sews Ravana's ceremonial robes (!) further demolished the atmosphere of the film. Attempting to evaluate the film based on a television viewing would be like looking at a photograph of Christopher Lee and trying to guess what he going to look like in *The Curse of Frankenstein*!

Universal also released another Freddie Francis Hammer thriller, *Nightmare* which,



Above: Paul (Richard Pasco) saves himself from petrification by looking at *The Gorgon* through a mirror. Below: Jennie Linden (as Janet) discovers the murdered figure of a strange woman (Clytie Jessop) in her bed one night. From *Nightmare* (1964).

like *Paranoiac*, was written by Jimmy Sangster and shot in black and white. An addition to Hammer's series of what Sir James Carreras referred to as "mini-Hitchcocks", *Nightmare* concerns a young

woman (Jennie Linden) fresh out of an asylum, who returns home and is awakened night after night to find murdered bodies and other unpleasanties in her room, only to be told that she has been dreaming. Once again, the plot twists are the thing, and, while Sangster's revelations were becoming a bit easier to predict, the film still has the power to hold interest throughout.

Next came *The Devil-Ship Pirates*, released in Britain by Associated British-Pathe some months after the film's release (by Columbia) in the USA. Jimmy Sangster stated that he wrote the film for Christopher Lee, who had played the leader of *The Pirates of Blood River* (for which Sangster had written the story, but not the final script). In any case, the role of Captain Robeles was perfect for Lee, who made the most of the opportunities granted him. Don Sharp directed this thrilling tale of a stray Spanish ship under Lee's command which is plundering the English countryside. The English people under attack offer little resistance, until it is discovered that the Spanish Armada has already been defeated. This news doesn't stop Lee, though—it takes a shipboard battle and a bullet in the chest (which causes Lee to do a spectacular backwards stagger across the deck) to put an end to Lee's reign of terror.

Hammer was back on more familiar





ground with their next two releases, both through Columbia. **The Gorgon** (adapted in **HoH 11** and **12**) marked the first teaming of director Terence Fisher with Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee since **The Mummy** (adapted in **HoH 22**) in 1959. John Gilling scripted, from a story by J. Llewellyn Devine, and the film introduced Barbara Shelley in her first leading role for Hammer (her previous films included **The Village of the Damned** and the Hammer-styled **Shadow of the Cat**). Fisher has offered nothing but praise for Miss Shelley, describing her as "a great performer, very emotional, and projecting that emotion to such an extent . . . the camera photographs thought. Funny thing, the camera—far more selective than the theatre audience; it can be fooled, the camera can't." Fisher obviously paid a great deal of attention to the qualities he saw in Miss Shelley, who gave a flawless performance as Carla Hoffman, the amnesiac nurse possessed by the spirit of an ancient creature. When in gorgon form, the role was played by Nessa Hyams. Miss Shelley said that she had wanted to play the "monster" part herself, but that the shooting schedule did not permit it.

Terence Fisher has also declared his fondness for plots which cover a long time period (**The Curse of the Werewolf**, a Fisher favourite, spanned three generations), and, while **The Gorgon** covers a relatively short timespan, it does chronicle the unfortunate history of a family. Two brothers and their father, apparently all that remains of the Heitz family, meet death in this, the first Hammer Film in which even the hero dies. The method of death is particularly horrifying—the victims are turned to stone—and one of the film's best scenes depicts the gradual death of Professor Heitz (Michael Goodliffe), who attempts to write a letter to his remaining son, Paul (Richard Pasco), before the process of petrification is completed. One problem the film has is that the appearance of the gorgon simply is not horrible enough to make the viewer believe that the mere sight of her will turn mortals to stone. However, the cast and direction forge ahead with such conviction that one can easily go along with the premise.

Fisher's direction emphasises character interplay and the atmosphere of doom at the expense of the script's nominal mystery elements. Time after time, he virtually tells the audience that Carla is the character who harbours the gorgon's spirit, by visually making her the only suspect. When Paul is nearly killed in his first near-encounter with the gorgon, the last thing he sees before passing out is the face of the gorgon reflected in a pool; the first thing he sees when he awakens is a hazy (due to his stupor) vision of Carla's face, as she looks down upon his bedridden figure. And Carla is repeatedly depicted in shots and situations in which her form is made to suggest that of the gorgon.

Although Cushing and Lee share little onscreen time together, they are both in top form, and their first scene together ripples with electricity. Actually, the scene was difficult to perform as they were trying to avoid laughing. It seems that on an early take, Lee referred to Cushing's character, Doctor Namiroff, as "Doctor Nasty Cough", and the actors had great difficulty meeting each other's gaze without laughing after the incident. In an interesting bit of switch-casting, Lee got the role of the educated adversary of evil, while Cushing portrayed the main villainous character. Lee barnstormed with unbridled enthusiasm, while Cushing played with dignified restraint, suggesting a depth of character which otherwise could not have been conveyed.

**The Gorgon's** companion piece was **The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb**, which, while borrowing its title from two entries in the original Universal Mummy series, was an

frontation between brothers, one living, one a living corpse, takes place in an eerily-photographed sewer.

Hammer's first release of 1965, again through Columbia, was **Fanatic (Die! Die! My Darling in USA)**. Novelist Richard Matheson (*I Am Legend*, *The Shrinking Man*), fresh from scripting Roger Corman's Edgar Allan Poe adaptations for American International Pictures, based his screenplay on Anne Blaisdell's novel *Nightmare* (a title which Hammer obviously could not use, at this point). Canadian television director Silvio Narizzano directed a cast headed by Tallulah Bankhead and Stefanie Powers, with then-newcomer Donald Sutherland in a supporting role. A full review of **Fanatic** and interview with its director appeared in **HoH 15**.

Unlike Hammer's Jimmy Sangster-scripted psychological thrillers, **Fanatic** was shot in colour. And Matheson pulled a grand rabbit out of the hat with an ending



Dickie Owen (as the Mummy) stalks the London sewers with his captive, Jeanne Roland (as Annette Dubois). **Curse of the Mummy's Tomb** (1964).

original story (Hammer had already remade the entire original series into one picture when they made **The Mummy** in 1959). Michael Carreras produced, directed and wrote the film, crediting the screenplay to "Henry Younger"—Carreras' answer to Anthony Hinds' pen name, "John Elder."

The film opens with a solid shock, when a prisoner of an Egyptian cult suddenly has his hand cut off at the end of an extended continuous take. Later, the mummy (Dickie Owen) gets ample opportunity to go on the anticipated rampages, but the most distinctive quality is not its violence. With the mummy lurching about providing the required monster footage, Carreras is able to devote some time to the question of immortality. The mummy's brother (Ronald Howard) has eternal youth, and he is quite fed up with it. Like Anton Diffring in **The Man Who Could Cheat Death**, he sees the dark side of immortality—especially after living for thousands of years. The film's final con-

whose only surprise was that there was no surprise ending! Instead, the film offers a gradual revelation of the facts behind Miss Bankhead's insane behaviour, with none of the abrupt plot twists that Sangster was so fond of. In this way, Matheson was able to develop the plot around his characters, rather than the other way around. All of the shocks developed naturally from the characters and their situations. A full measure of Hammer horror was included, particularly in a sequence in which Miss Powers is stabbed with a large pair of scissors which remain embedded in her shoulder throughout the scene.

Hammer broke new ground with their next release, **She** (distributed by Warner-Pathe in Britain and MGM in the USA). With their adaptation of H. Rider Haggard's classic novel of immortality and reincarnation, Hammer moved into the realm of the spectacle. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee both had prominent roles in the film, ensuring that regular Hammer



Inset: Mrs Trefoile (Tallulah Bankhead) regards the knife Harry (Peter Vaughn) intends to use to kill her. Above, centre: Billali (Christopher Lee) advises Ayesha (Ursula Andress) in *She* (1965).

fans would turn out. But the star of the film was Ursula Andress, who had first come to the attention of worldwide audiences when she appeared in the first James Bond film, *Dr No*. As Ayesha, "She

who must be obeyed", Miss Andress lorded over the remnants of an ancient civilisation hidden in the deserts of Africa. John Richardson, who had appeared opposite Barbara Steele in Mario Bava's *Black*

*Sunday* (or *Revenge of the Vampire*), played Leo Vincey, a reincarnation of Ayesha's lost love, Killikrates.

Robert Day, whose previous assignments included *Corridors of Blood* and *Tarzan the Magnificent*, directed. While the film tended to lag in spots, it contained its fair share of impressive sequences, most notably the climax, which featured a slave uprising, a duel between Lee and Richardson, and of course, the death of Ayesha. Inviting her beloved Leo to join her, She enters the mystical blue flame which had granted her immortality the last time it appeared, centuries before. Leo enters and becomes immortal, but for Ayesha, the flame proves fatal—a second dose of it counteracts the effect of the first, and Ayesha rapidly dies of old age in an eerie and haunting sequence involving a series of effective makeups. The film ends with Leo awaiting the return of the blue flame, so that he might enter it and thus join Ayesha in the afterlife.

She introduced a new member to the Hammer "family", associate producer Aida Young. Although Miss Young was serving as associate to producer Michael Carreras at this point, she would soon be a full Hammer producer.

Hammer's first spectacular was an international success, and Hammer responded by providing audiences with a renewed barrage of cinematic thrills and chills, which we shall look into next issue.

**The Scarlet Blade** (Rel: 1963)  
(USA: *The Crimson Blade*)  
Lionel Jeffries (as Colonel Judd), Oliver Reed (Sylvester), Jack Hadley (Edward Beverly), June Thorburn (Clare), Duncan Lamont (Major Bell), Susan Farmer (Constance).  
Dir: John Gilling, Sc: John Gilling, Ph: Jack Asher, Prod Des: Bernard Robinson, Art Dir: Don Mingaye, Ed: John Dunsford, Mus: Gary Hughes, Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes. Dis: Warner-Pathe (Britain), Columbia (USA). Time: 82 mins.  
Colourful, swashbuckling costume drama which was Oliver Reed's sixth film for Hammer.

**Paranoid** (Rel: 1963)  
Janette Scott (as Eleanor), Oliver Reed (Simon), Alexander Davion (Tony), Sheila Burrell (Harriet), Liliane Brousse (Françoise), Maurice Denham (John Kosser).  
Dir: Freddie Francis, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Arthur Grant, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs, Music: Elizabeth Lutyens, Assoc Prod: Basil Keyes, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Universal (Britain: through Rank). Time: 80 mins.  
One of the best of the Hammer psychological thrillers. The film gives Oliver Reed the chance to show that he really can act.

**Kiss of the Vampire** (Rel: 1964)  
Clifford Evans (as Prof Zimmer), Noel Willman (Ravna), Edward de Souza (Gerald Harcourt), Jennifer Daniel (Marianne).  
Dir: Don Sharp, Sc: John Elder (Anthony Hinds), Ph: Alan Hume, Prod Des: Bernard Robinson, Art Dir: Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs, Mus: James Bernard, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Universal (Britain: through Rank). Time: 87 mins.  
A young newly-wed, Marianne Harcourt, is abducted by a coven of vampires, forcing her husband to join forces with local vampire hunter, Prof Zimmer, to secure her safe return. The coven is wiped out in a spectacular climax by a swarm of vampire bats, conjured up by Zimmer.

**The Evil of Frankenstein** (Rel: 1964)  
Peter Cushing (as Baron Frankenstein), Peter Woodthorpe (Zoltan), Sander Eiles (Hans), Kiwi Kingstom (The Creature), Duncan Lamont (Chief of Police).  
Dir: Freddie Francis, Sc: John Elder (Anthony Hinds), Ph: John Wilcox, Mus: Don Banks, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Universal (Britain: through Rank). Time: 84 mins.  
The Baron discovers one of his earlier creations preserved in a glacier and recruits a hypnotist to reactivate the damaged brain. Unfortunately the hypnotist manages to gain total control of the creature and forces it to perform acts of theft and murder.

**Nightmare** (Rel: 1964)  
David Knight (as Henry Bexter), Moira Redmond (Grace Maddox), Jennie Linden (Janet), Brenda Bruce (Mary Lewis), George A. Cooper (John), Irene Richmond (Mrs Gibbs).  
Dir: Freddie Francis, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: John Wilcox, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye,

## Hammer Film Productions 1963-1965

**KEY**  
Key to abbreviations used in this filmography  
Rel: Year in which film was released.  
Dir: Film directed by.  
Sc: Screenplay written by.  
Ph: Film photographed by.  
Art Dir: Art direction by.  
Ed: Edited by.  
Mus: Music composed by.  
Exec Prod: Executive producer.  
Assoc Prod: Associate producer.  
Prod: Producer.  
Dis: Distributed by.

Ed: James Needs, Mus: Don Banks, Prod: Jimmy Sangster. Dis: Universal (Britain: through Rank). Time: 82 mins.  
A young girl returns home after a brief spell in an asylum only to find herself becoming enmeshed in a plot to drive her completely insane. Jimmy Sangster's script kept a potentially trite plot from being in any way boring.

**The Devil-Ship Pirates** (Rel: 1964)  
Christopher Lee (as Captain Robeles), John Cairney (Harry), Barry Warren (Manuel), Ernest Clark (Sir Basil Smeaton).  
Dir: Don Sharp, Sc: Jimmy Sangster, Ph: Michael Reed, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs, Mus: Gary Hughes, Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes. Dis: Associated British-Pathe (Britain), Columbia (USA, 1963). Time: 86 mins.  
Christopher Lee leads a band of Spanish pirates who are terrorising the English countryside. The victims cower meekly until they hear news of the defeat of the Spanish Armada when they turn on their oppressors and put an end to the reign of terror.

**The Gorgon** (Rel: 1964)  
Peter Cushing (as Namaroff), Richard Pasco (Paul), Barbara Shelley (Carla Hoffman), Christopher Lee (Prof Meinster), Michael Goodliffe (Prof Heitz), Patrick Troughton (Kanof), Jack Watson (Ratoff).

Dir: Terence Fisher, Sc: John Gilling from a story by J. Llewellyn Davies, Ph: Michael Reed, Art Dir: Bernard Robinson and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd Perkins, Mus: James Bernard, Prod: Anthony Nelson-Keyes. Dis: Columbia (Britain: through BLC). Time: 83 mins.  
The spirit of the legendary Gorgon takes possession of a young woman and aided by Peter Cushing's Namaroff battles Christopher Lee (as Meinster) to maintain a grip of terror on the Transylvanian countryside.

**The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb** (Rel: 1964)  
Terence Morgan (as Adam Beauchamp), Fred Clark (Alexander King), Ronald Howard (John Bray), Jeanne Roland (Annette DuBois), George Pastell (Hashmi Bey), Jack Gwilliam (Sir Giles Dalrymple).  
Dir: Michael Carreras, Sc: Henry Younger (Michael Carreras), Ph: Otto Heller, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd Perkins, Mus: Carlo Martelli, Assoc Prod: Bill Hill, Prod: Michael Carreras. Dis: Columbia (Britain: through BLC). Time: 80 mins.  
A mummy is recklessly removed from its tomb in Egypt by unsuspecting archaeologists only to come to life and commence the systematic elimination of all those guilty of the desecration.

**Fanatic** (Rel: 1965)  
(USA: *Die! Die! My Darling!*)  
Tallulah Bankhead (as Mrs Trefoile), Stephanie Powers (Patricia Carroll), Peter Vaughn (Harry), Maurice Kaufman (Alan), Yootha Joyce (Anna), Donald Sutherland (Joseph).  
Dir: Silvio Nazzari, Sc: Richard Matheson from the novel *Nightmare* by Anne Blaisdell, Ph: Arthur Ibbertson, Prod Des: Peter Proud, Ed: James Needs and John Dunsford, Mus: Wilfred Josephs, Exec Prod: Michael Carreras, Prod: Anthony Hinds. Dis: Columbia (Britain: through BLC). Time: 86 mins (Britain), 105 mins (USA).  
Tallulah Bankhead obviously enjoys herself as the mad Mrs Trefoile, owner of a rambling country house, who considers that her dead son's fiancée (Stephanie Powers) is betraying him by planning to marry someone else. Stephanie Powers gives a suitably distraught performance as she is menaced from all angles.

**She** (Rel: 1965)  
John Richardson (as Leo Vincey), Ursula Andress (Ayesha), Peter Cushing (Major Holly), Bernard Cribbins (John), Rosenda Monteros (Ustane), Christopher Lee (Billali), Andre Morell (Haumeid).  
Dir: Robert Day, Sc: David C. Chantler from the novel by H. Rider Haggard, Ph: Harry Waxman, Art Dir: Robert Jones and Don Mingaye, Ed: James Needs and Eric Boyd Perkins, Mus: James Bernard, Assoc Prod: Aida Young, Prod: Michael Carreras, Dis: Associated British (Britain: through Warner-Pathe), Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer (USA). Time: 105 mins.  
Ursula Andress' first starring role as Ayesha, the 2000-year-old queen of a secret tribe who lures Leo Vincey into her world, seeing in him the reincarnation of the lover she had murdered in a fit of jealousy.



# VAN HELSING'S TERROR TALES

## MRS MURPHY'S MURDERS

THINGS AREN'T ALWAYS THE WAY THEY SEEM, ARE THEY? EVEN THE MOST TRUTHFUL PEOPLE... WELL, SEE WHAT I MEAN IN THIS TALE OF...

IT WAS JUST A NORMAL DAY FOR MRS MURPHY. SHE DIDN'T GET MANY CALLERS, BUT, AT 11 O'CLOCK...

MORNIN', MA'AM! ELECTRICITY BOARD... I'VE COME TO READ THE METER...

COME IN, MY BOY! IT'S IN THE CUPBOARD UNDER THE STAIRS... YOU CAN CHECK IT WHILE I GO TO THE KITCHEN...

MRS MURPHY WAS VERY FOND OF VISITORS...

THERE WE ARE, MA'AM, ALL FINISHED...

FINISHED? YES, YES...

INDEED, SHE COULDN'T BEAR TO SEE THEM LEAVE...

AAAUGH!

SHUNK!  
SHUNK!

Script: Steve Moore and Anni Gleeson

Art: Dave G. Chester









YOO HOO, INSPECTOR! I'VE JUST STRANGLERED CONSTABLE MATHERS!



YOU JUST BEEN MURDERED, CONSTABLE MATHERS?

NOT AS FAR AS I KNOW, INSPECTOR... GOT A BIT OF A COUGH, BUT...



I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANYTHING WE CAN DO TO HELP YOU, MRS MURPHY! LET'S TAKE A RIDE DOWN TO THE HOSPITAL... AND YOU CAN HAVE A NICE QUIET CHAT WITH THE CHIEF PSYCHIATRIST!

AND HE'LL TELL YOU HOW YOU'VE BEEN ACTING OUT YOUR FANTASIES!

BUT EVEN QUITE A LONG CHAT FAILED TO MAKE MRS MURPHY CHANGE HER MIND.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY LEFT... WE DON'T USUALLY HAVE TO SAY ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, OF COURSE...

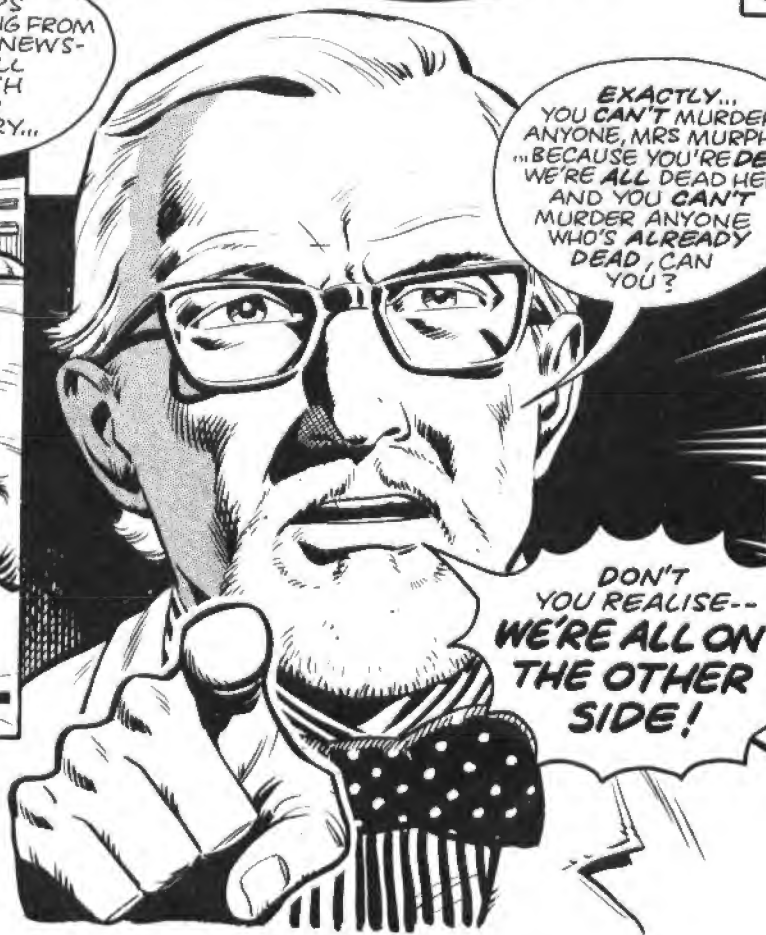
AH, YOUR FILE... YOU'VE BEEN WITH US FIVE YEARS, MRS MURPHY! DO YOU REMEMBER WHERE YOU WERE BEFORE THAT?



PERHAPS THIS CUTTING FROM THE LOCAL NEWSPAPER WILL REFRESH YOUR MEMORY...

ROAD ACCIDENT TRAGEDY  
PENSIONER KILLED IN

B-BUT... ACCORDING TO THIS... I'M...



EXACTLY... YOU CAN'T MURDER ANYONE, MRS MURPHY... BECAUSE YOU'RE DEAD! WE'RE ALL DEAD HERE, AND YOU CAN'T MURDER ANYONE WHO'S ALREADY DEAD, CAN YOU?

DON'T YOU REALISE-- WE'RE ALL ON THE OTHER SIDE!



ALAS, SUCH A HELLISH SURPRISE WAS TOO MUCH FOR POOR MRS MURPHY. THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF, AND THEN THE NEXT DAY SHE HANGED HERSELF AGAIN, AND THEN...





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182 THE SHOOTIST



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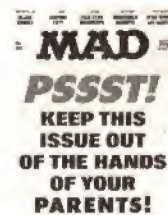
187 CHARLIE'S ANGELS



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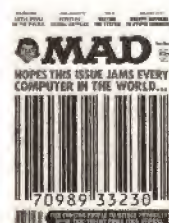
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**BRIAN  
DONLEVY**

IN

# *Quatermass* **II**

with **SIDNEY JAMES**  
**JOHN LONGDEN · BRYAN FORBES**  
**VERA DAY · WILLIAM FRANKLYN**

and **CHARLES LLOYD PACK · MICHAEL RIDDER · PERCY HERBERT**

Original Story by **NIGEL KNEALE**  
Screenplay by **NIGEL KNEALE and VAL GUEST**

Produced by **ANTHONY HINDS**

Directed by **VAL GUEST**

A **HAMMER FILM PRODUCTION**

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER **MICHAEL CARRERAS**



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